



CPU WARS



Charles Adams

Display Your 'baud' in a Fantasy

Yes, now available *nationally* for the first time, Fantasy T-shirts are making a hit from Maine to Miami -- from Perth Amboy to the gulfstream waters -- from Santa Clara to San Jose! All shirts are 100% cotton. Designs are the highest quality silkscreen.

★ **Play Adventure T-Shirt**

This shirt depicts a scene from the classic computer game *Adventure*, where you explore an underground cave filled with treasure and danger. The shirt shows a particularly tricky spot in the Hall of the Mountain King where the Adventurer is being attacked by a fierce snake and a dwarf. The detail of the shirt is in black and the letters appear in red. (Background colors are optionally cool blue, subtle tan, ostentatious yellow, or sunset gold).

★ **Play Zork T-Shirt**

Experienced computer game players having excelled in *Adventure* may want to try *ZORK* (also known as *Dungeon*) a game more comprehensive than *Adventure* in its complexity at every level (more commands, more rooms, more difficult puzzles, etc.) Show your prowess in the ultimate in computer games by wearing this t-shirt next time you go to a cocktail party -- (or use it when you cut the grass.) (Available in subtle tan and ostentatious yellow)

★ **CPU WARS T-Shirt**

When you are jogging through the rich section of town, you can get that millionaire's attention with an eye-catching CPU WARS T-Shirt! Displays the CPU WARS logo and your favorite CPU WARS heroes -- Digital Dog, Virtual George, and Belynda Bliss. Show the world that you too read the comic for the 95th percentile -- CPU WARS! (available in subtle blue and notorious black)



All shirts are available in Small (adult 34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), and Extra Large (46-48) sizes. When ordering, please specify size and color. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Yes! Please rush me ___ T-Shirts at \$6.00 each. I enclose .50 per shirt for postage and handling.

Send to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Send order form and check (make checks payable to CHASCO) or money order to:

Fantasy T-Shirts, 77 Mark Vincent Drive, Westford, MA 01886

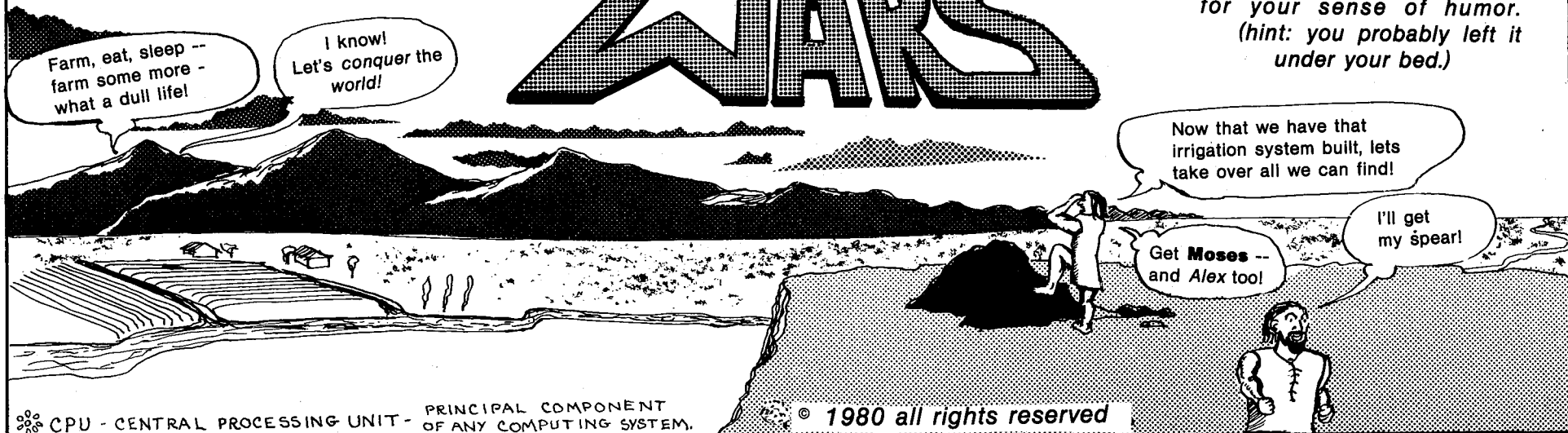
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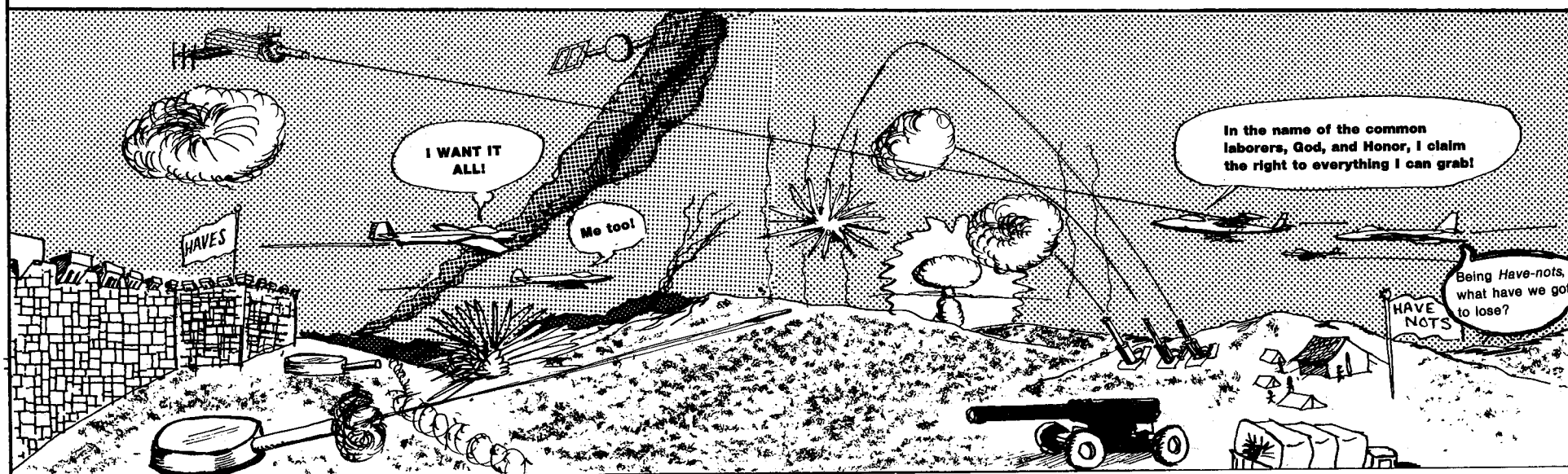
Since Ancient Times, the battle for global domination has pre-occupied human history ...

CPU WARS

NOTE: Any resemblance to persons or organizations in this comic are purely coincidental. Besides, if it bothers you, initiate an intensive search for your sense of humor. (hint: you probably left it under your bed.)

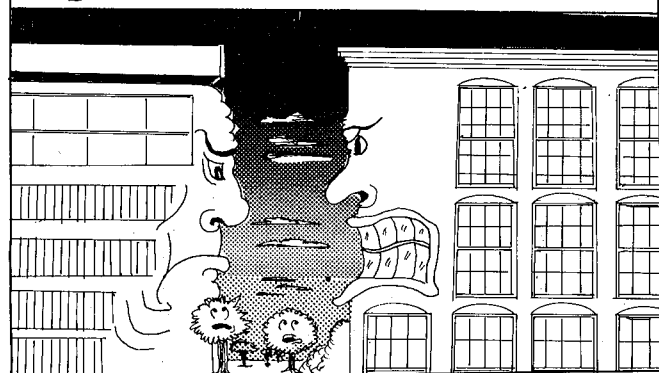


The advent of technology and modern civilization has done little to change that uncontrollable desire to rule the entire planet!

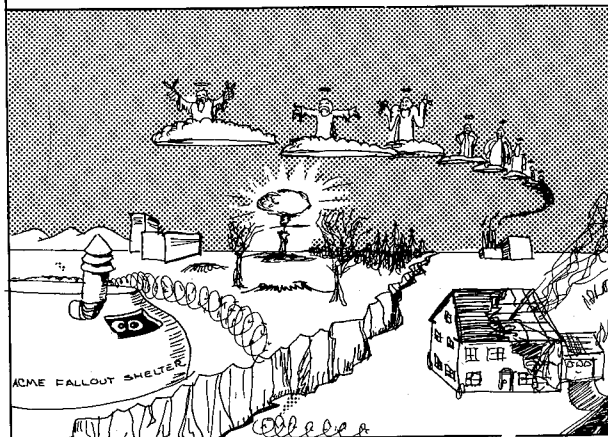


Two PRIME contenders for a global struggle were the **pace-setting manufacturers** in the world of megabytes and memories:

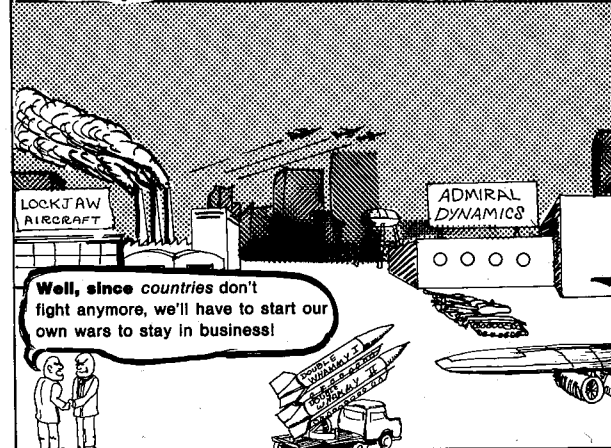
COMPUTERS!



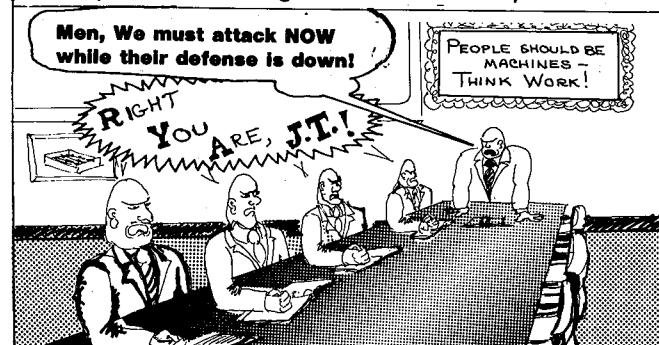
After the *Energy Crisis*, the **Earthquakes**, the Neutron War, the *Deadly Bees*, the Second thru Thirty-seventh Coming, and Anita Bryant, few strongholds of wealth remained...



The great expense of multiple catastrophes had left world governments weak; thus wars for privately-held fortunes were *sanc-tioned* for their reviving effect on the Arms Industry...



And thus, the scene was set in the Board Room of Impossible to Program Machines Corp...



IPM is the largest computer corporation in the world. Naturally, this isn't enough ...

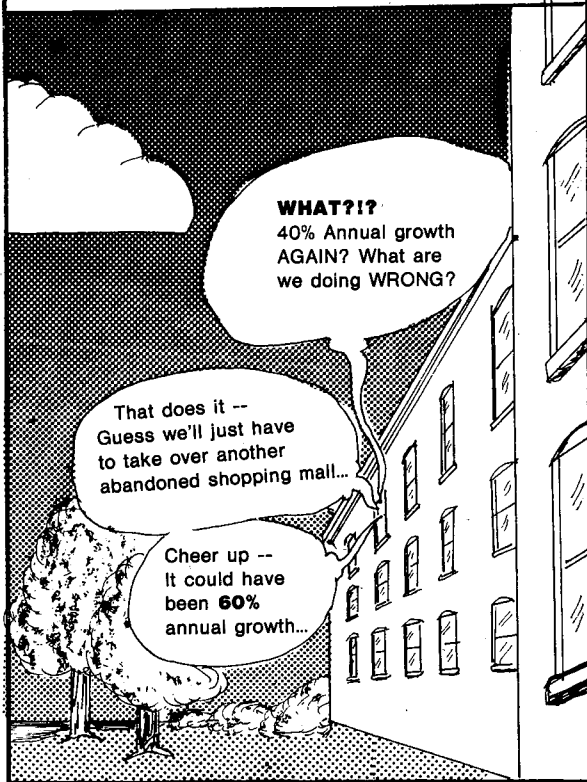


And so, a battalion of crack **IPM** storm troopers supported by a fighter squadron disguised as business jets spear-head an attack on an old woolen mill in Barnyard, Mass --

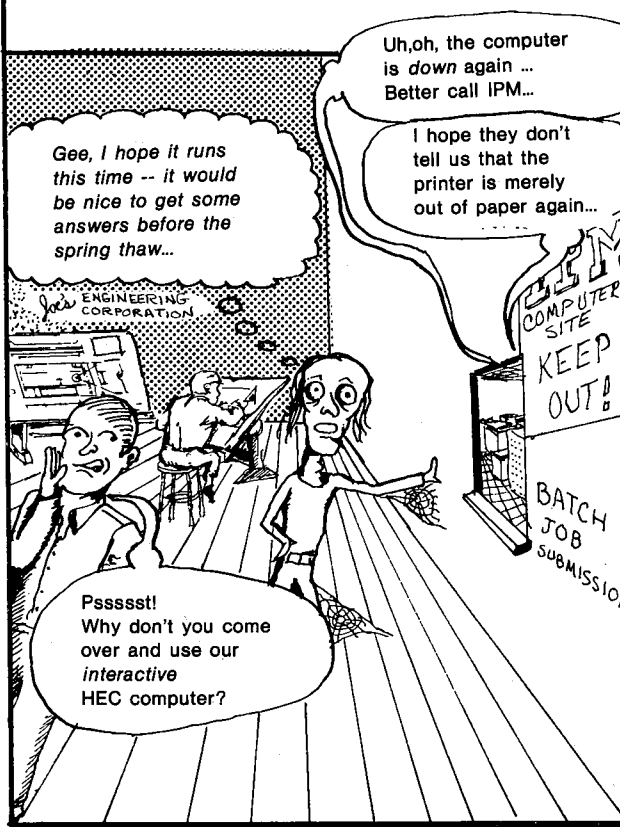


...which houses the original offices and factory of **IPM's** main competitor -- **Human Equipment Corporation!**

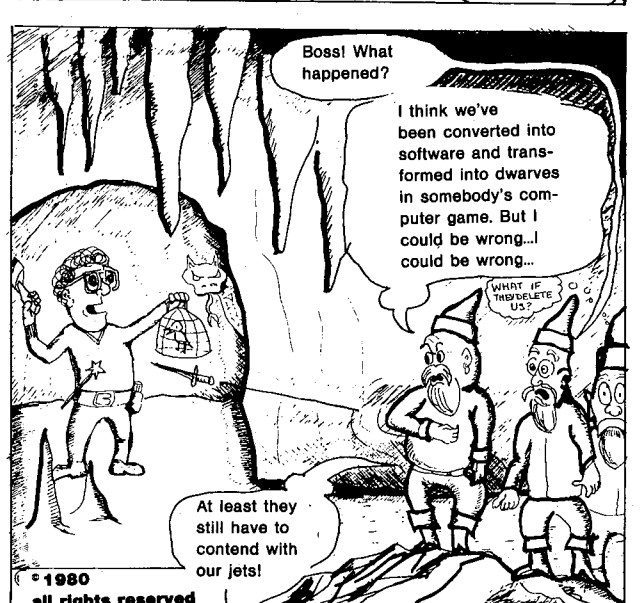
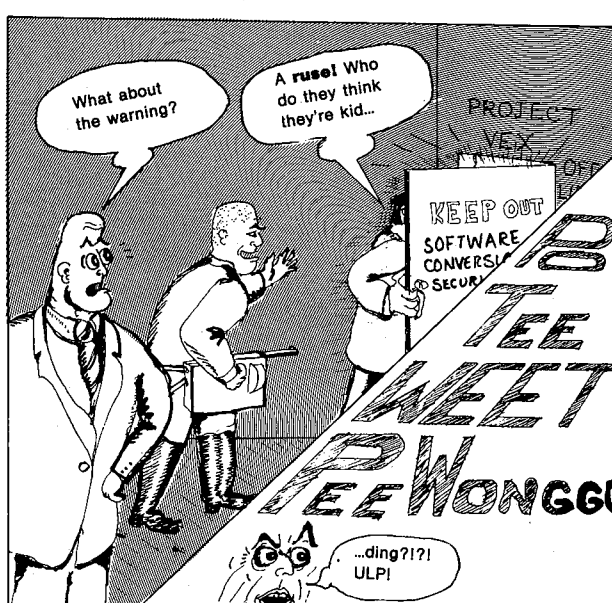
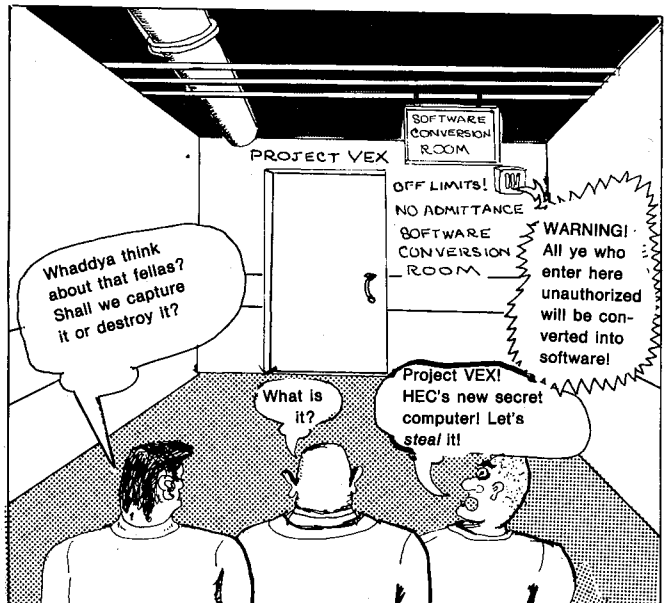
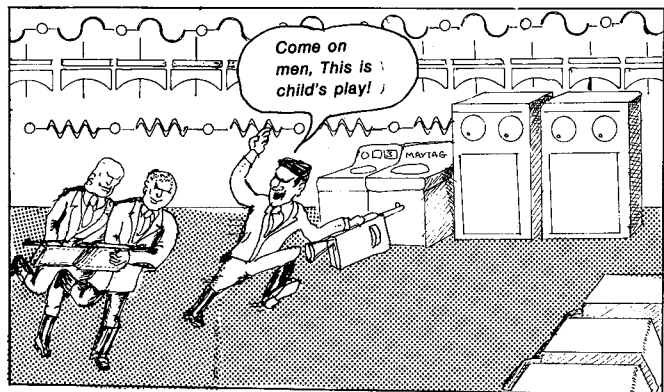
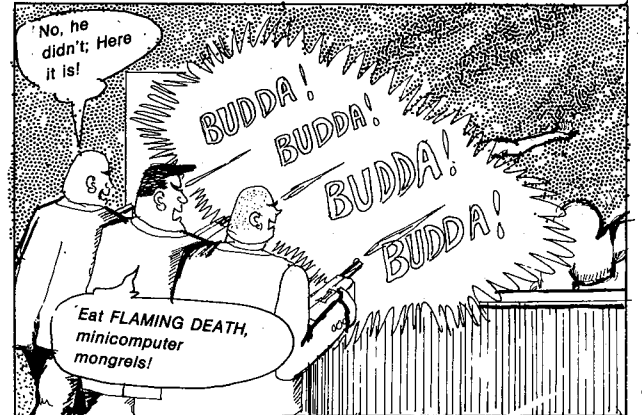
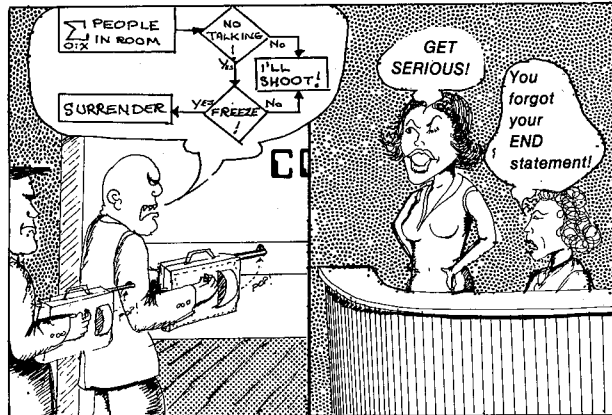
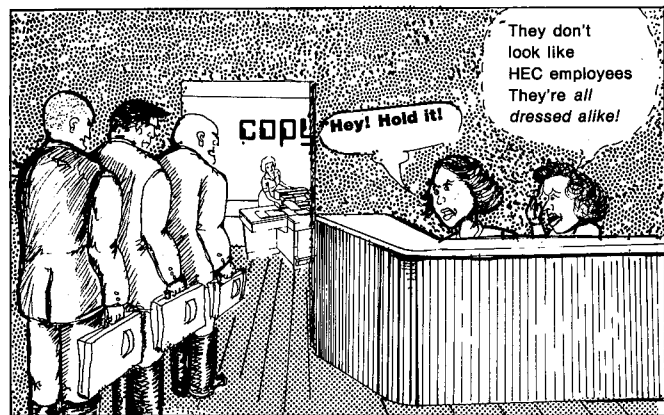
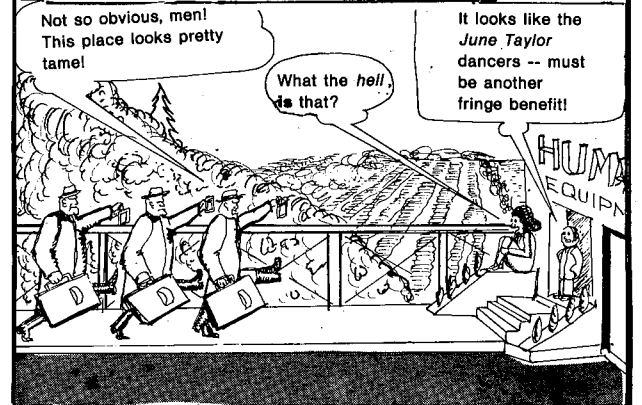
(also known as **HEC** as in: 'What the --')



HEC is much smaller than **IPM**, but is catching up fast due to their dazzlingly efficient hardware and interactive software...



Because HEC makes computers that are easy to use and more accessible to people, **IPM** has also felt a *moral* obligation to eliminate HEC before too many people had access to too much information. This would have diverted control of power away from the elite. The first sneak attack thus was composed of hired thugs dressed as gray-suited automatons.



CHAPTER I

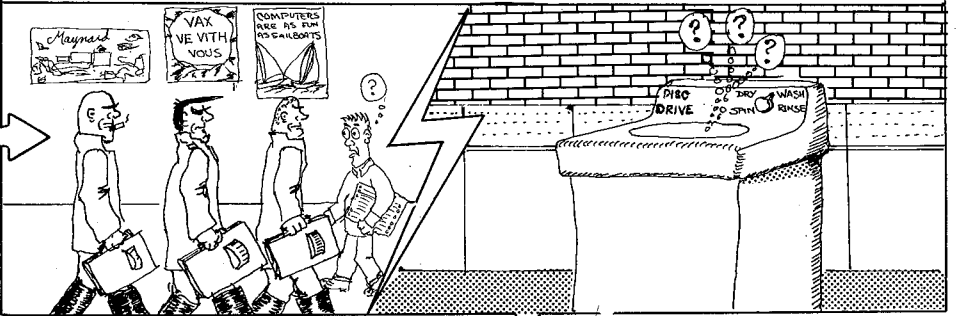
CPU WARS

Characters & Graphics by Chas Andres

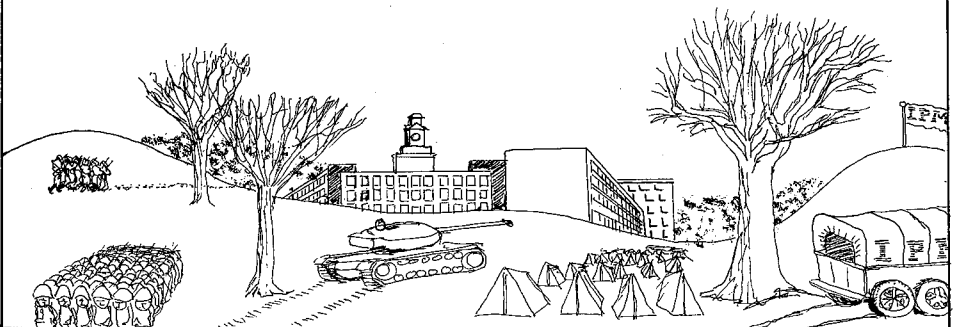
In which THE SINISTER FORCES of **IPM** DECLARE WAR on the peaceful people of HEC-land & attempt to delete minicomputers from the face of the Earth!!

*IMPOSSIBLE to PURCHASE MACHINES CORP.

IPM has begun hostilities with a sneak guerilla attack on the old converted woolen mill that had been HEC's home for many years. However, their troops were converted into software, and now exist merely as magnetic flux on a disc storage unit...



Not to be so easily defeated, **IPM** has made a formal declaration of war with the winner to take over the **MACROSHARE** of the world computer market. As the war continues, the old mill is surrounded...



Meanwhile, inside the mill...

Well, you all know that we are surrounded so we have to stay here a while longer...

Hey, relax, will ya? You have already eaten so many of those, you are not only immune to their effects, you're addicted!

B-but, how will we survive? All we have to eat are the Whoopie Pies in the vending machines!

THIS IS A VIRTUAL DOOR

Well, at least Andy won't have any trouble adjusting -- he lives here already!

I just hope they don't shut the power off...

DAEDALUS WAS HERE

ANDY THE ERROR EMPEROR

TOYS

LISTINGS

CLOTHES

And outside in the frigid wastes...

Hey! It's damn cold out here! When are we going to invade?

When we're good and ready! Ya don't want to be converted into software do ya? What if you had to come back as an error handler?

Yeah! I've worked for them all -- The PLO, Castro, the Shah, the CIA, the DAR... even the Sex Pistols!

Deciding to attack on three fronts, **IPM** forces attempt to capture HEC-land's command control center which they *think* is in the mill...

Here they come!

I wish I were in our Canada branch!

I wish I wuz in de land o' cotton!

Hell, I wish I were in Hawaii!

But the corrosive waters of the Betyerass River combined with printed circuit board etching acid eats the bottoms of the boats...

Try a mill martini, fiends!

And the cruel winds known as The Montreal Express blow the paratroopers into South Boston...

Lookit dat, Louise I tol' ya dey wudn't be satisfied ta BUS em in -- Now dey's droppin' em by AIR!

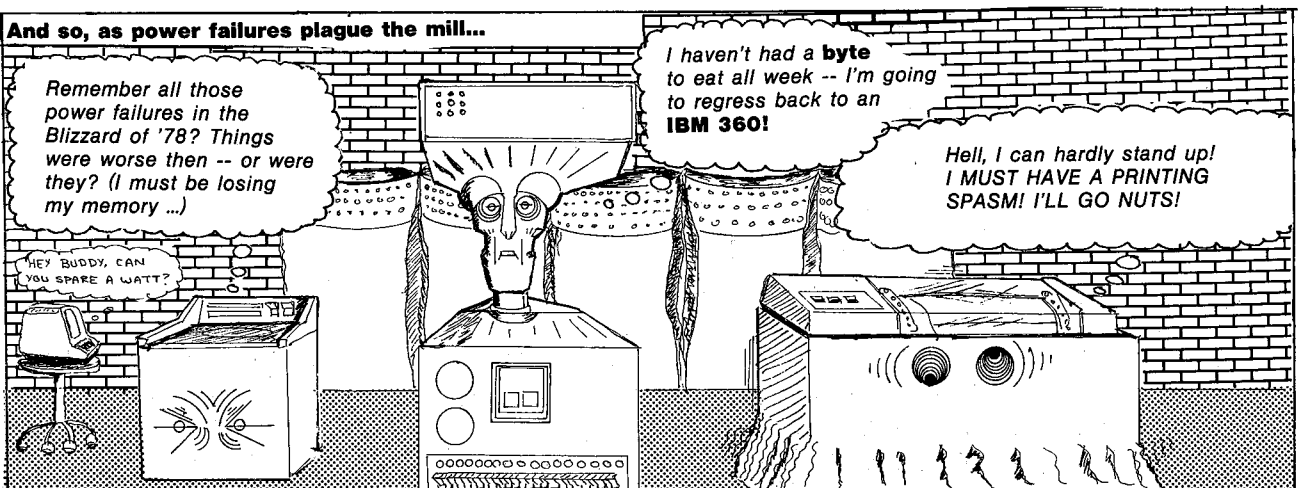
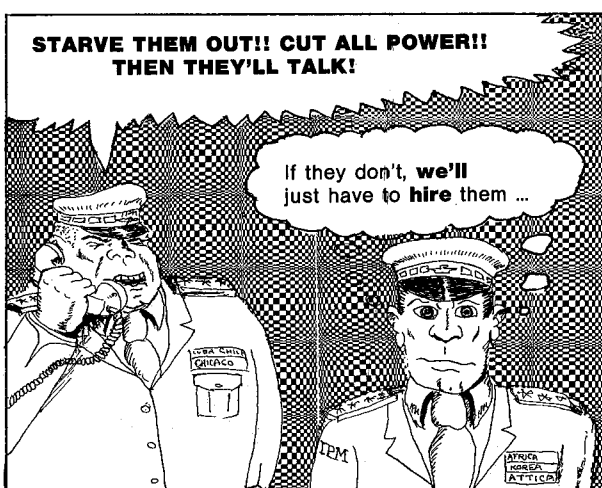
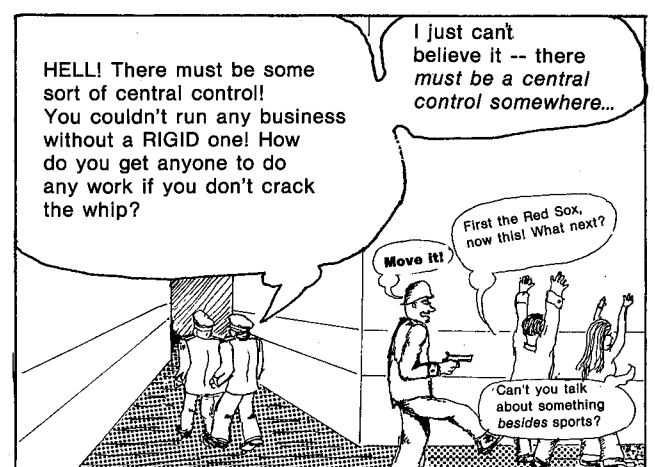
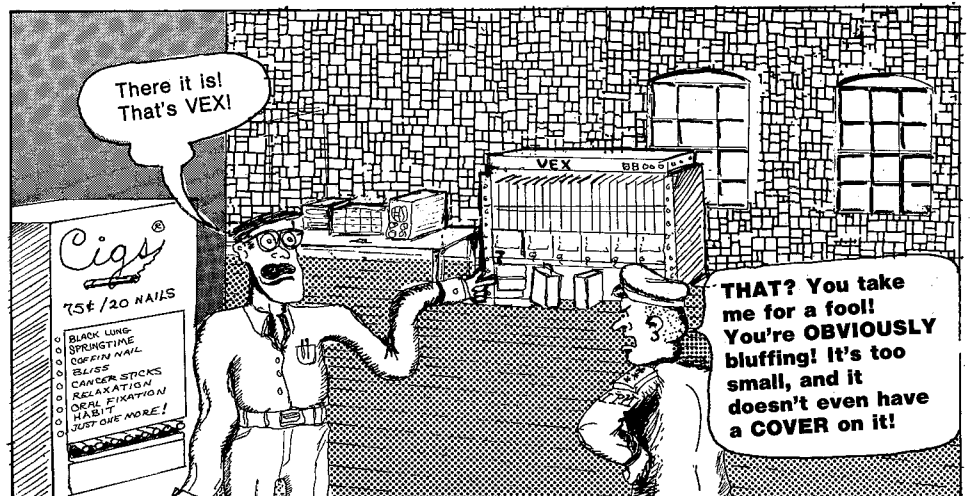
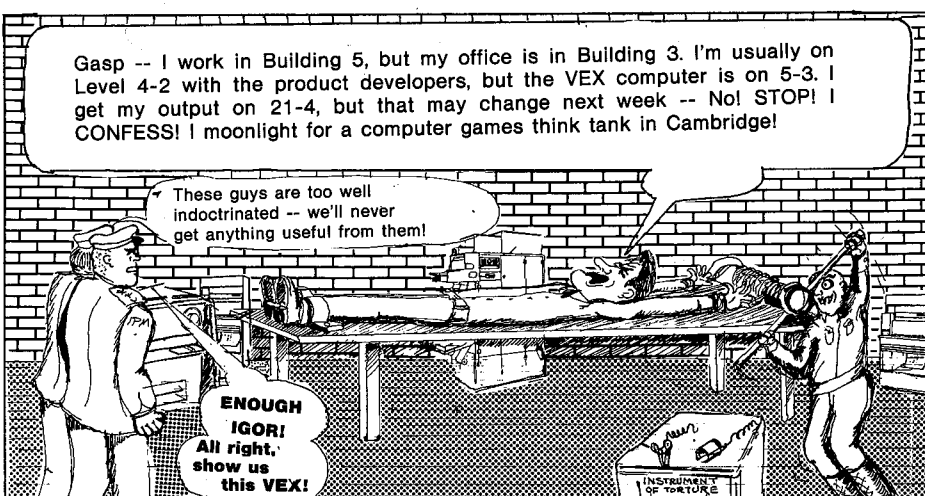
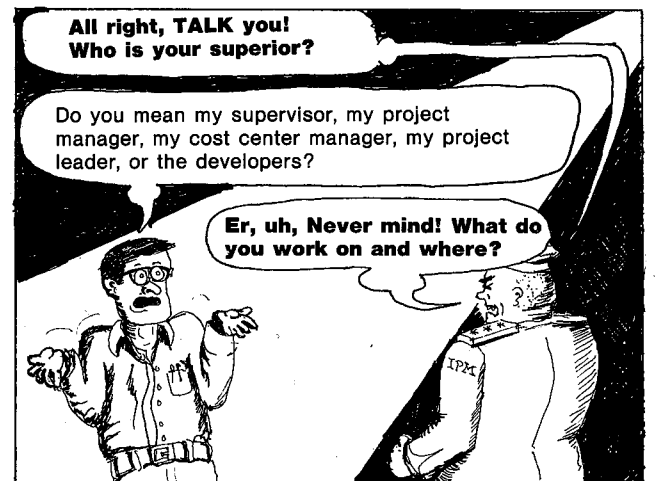
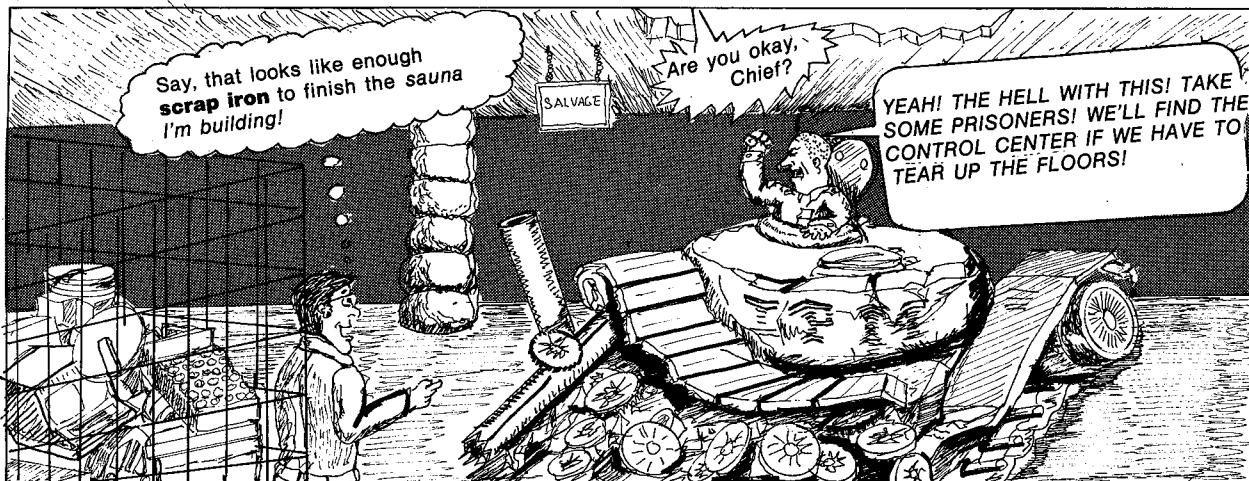
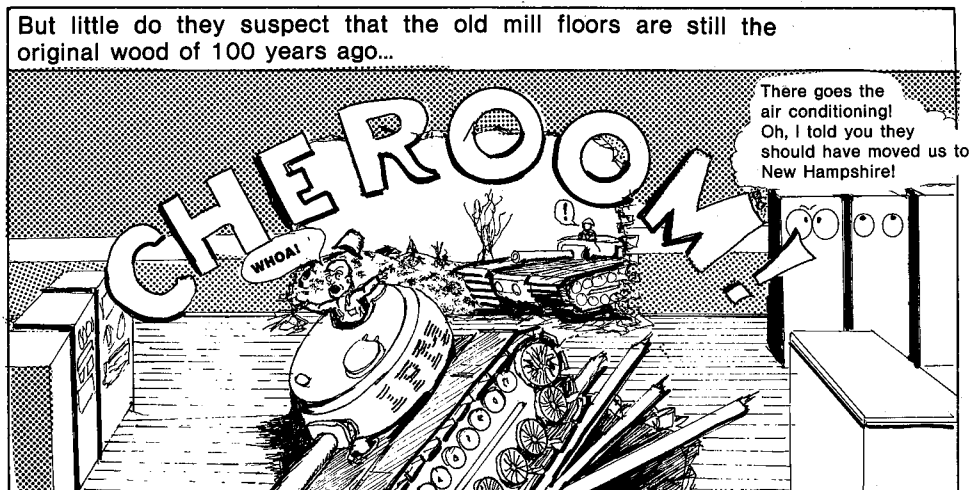
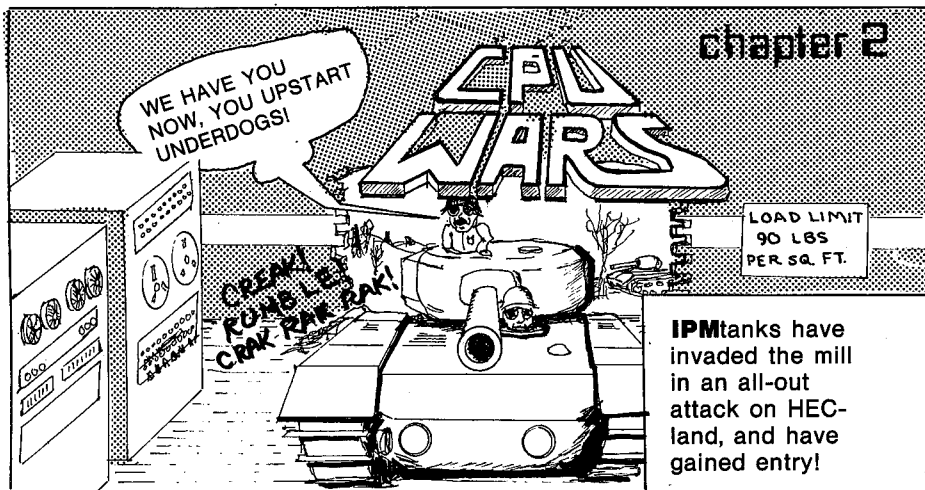
BUT THE TANK INVASION IS SUCCESSFUL!

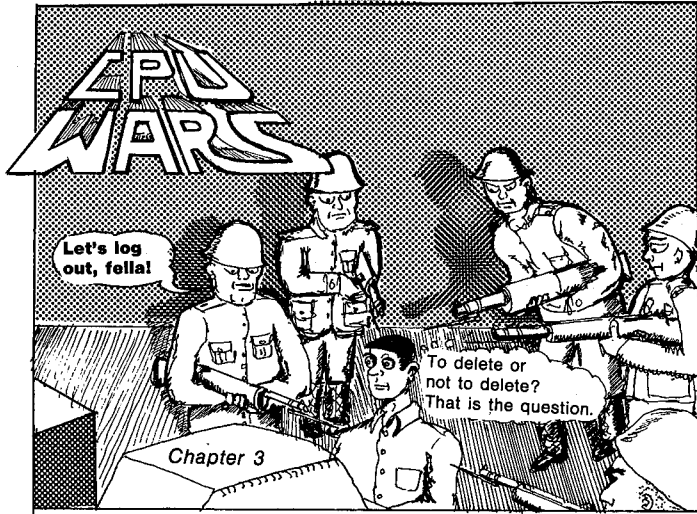
Well, *might* may not be right, but it usually wins...

There goes the neighborhood...

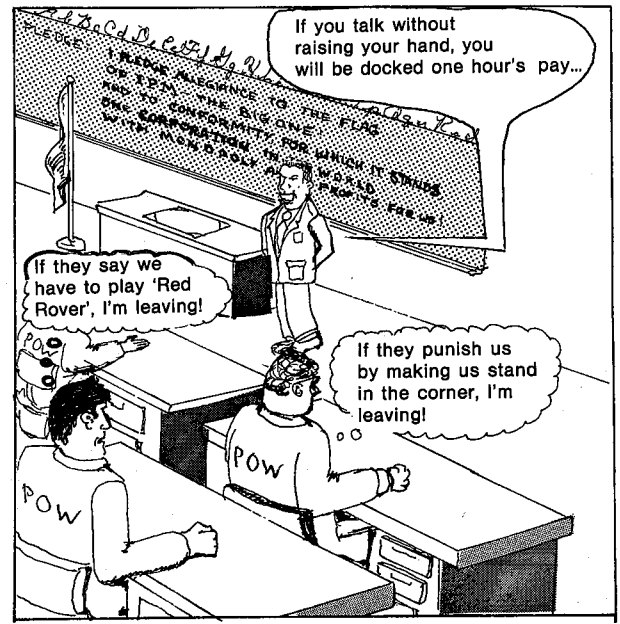
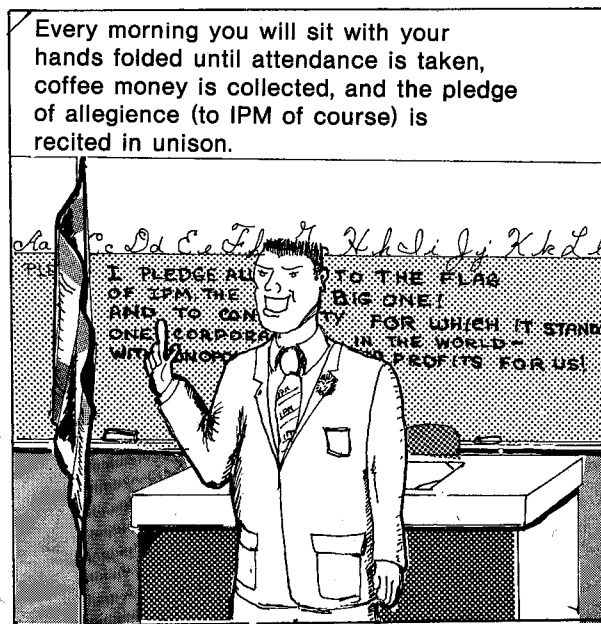
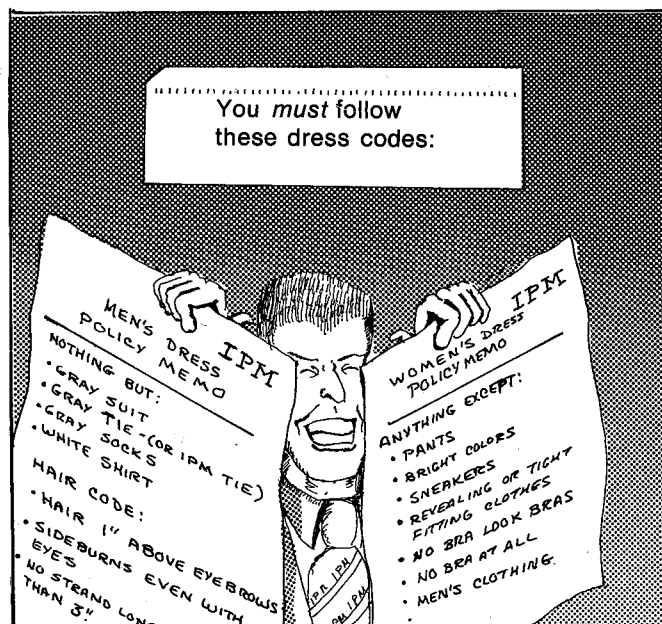
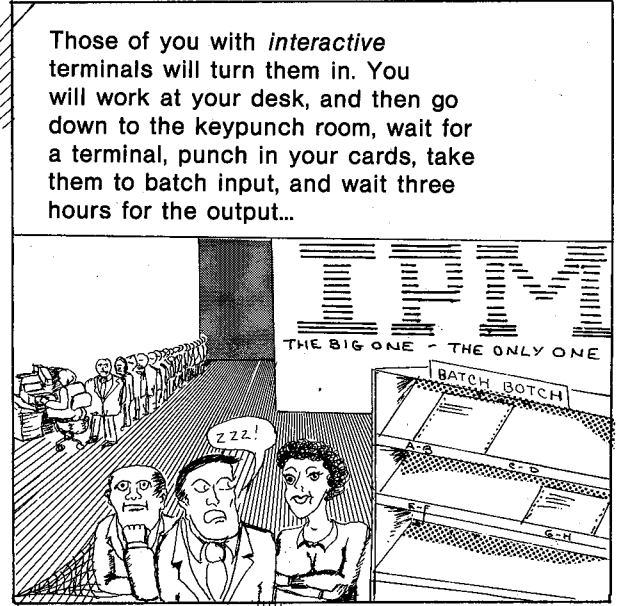
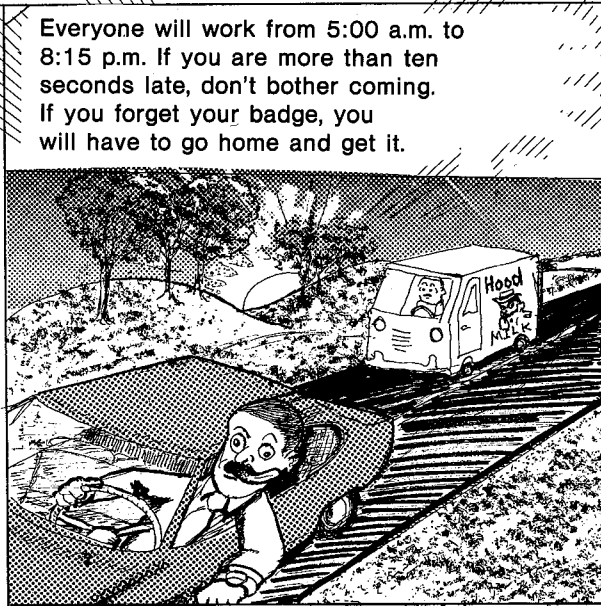
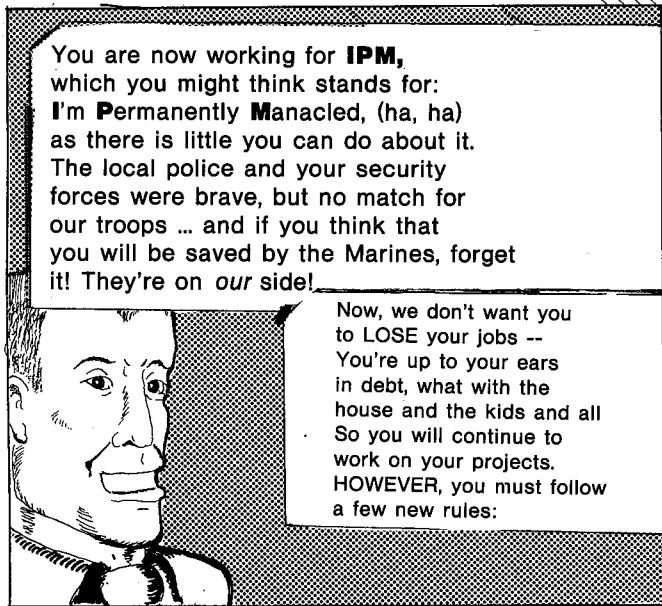
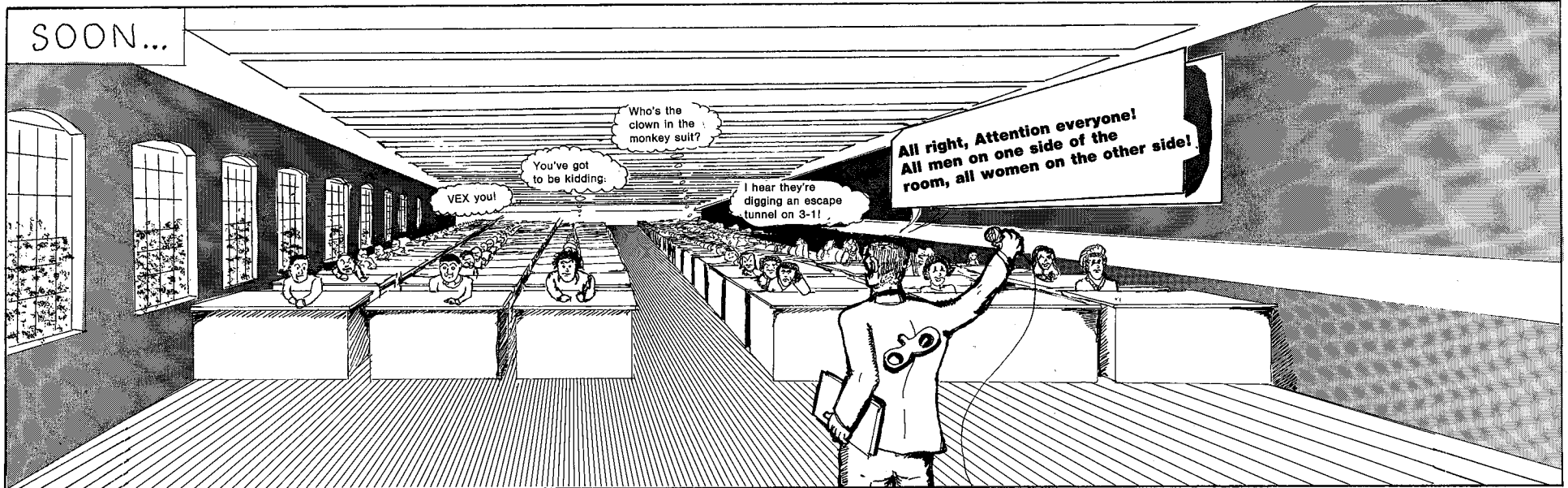
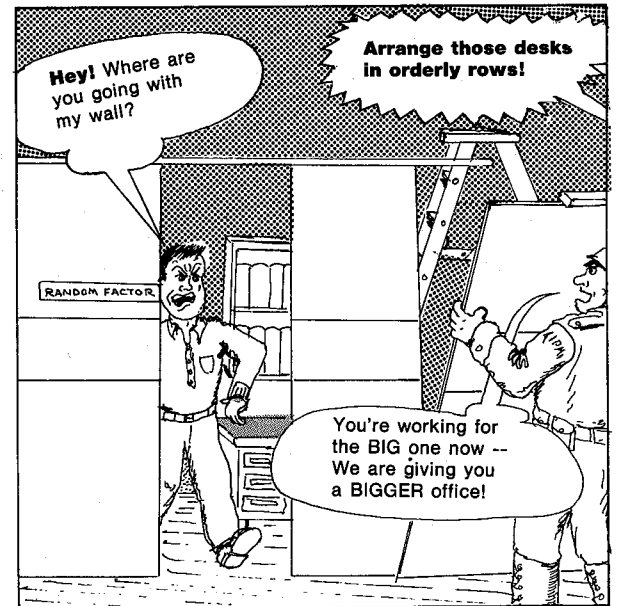
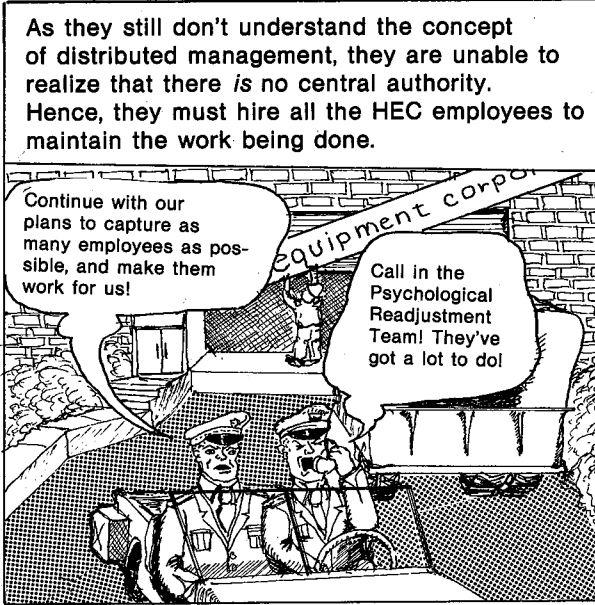
IPM

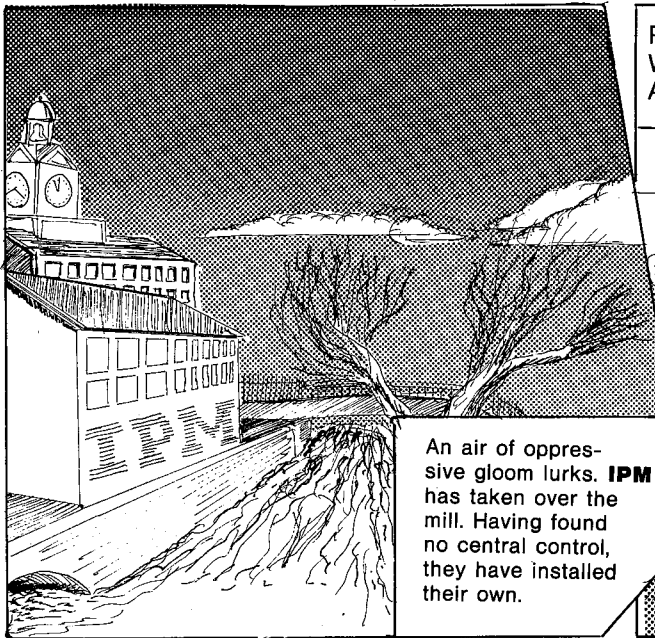
Hmmm... This must be doing wonders for their stock.



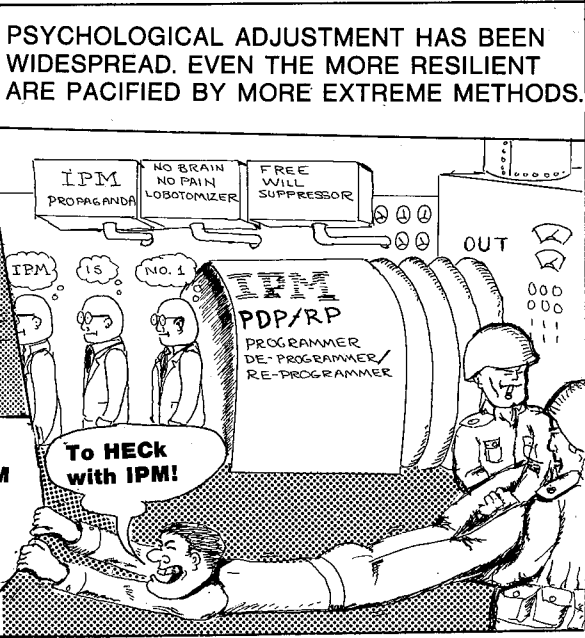


IPM forces have succeeded in securing part of HEC's mill...



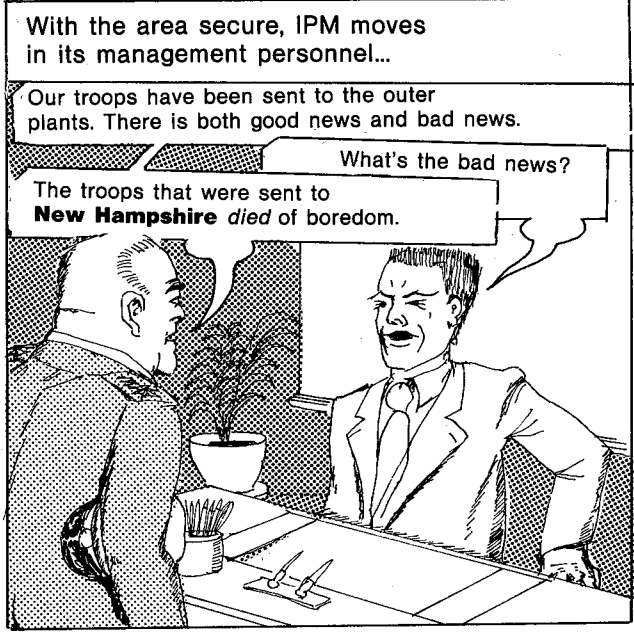


An air of oppressive gloom lurks. **IPM** has taken over the mill. Having found no central control, they have installed their own.



PSYCHOLOGICAL ADJUSTMENT HAS BEEN WIDESPREAD. EVEN THE MORE RESILIENT ARE PACIFIED BY MORE EXTREME METHODS.

To HECK with IPM!



With the area secure, IPM moves in its management personnel...

Our troops have been sent to the outer plants. There is both good news and bad news.

What's the bad news?

The troops that were sent to **New Hampshire** died of boredom.

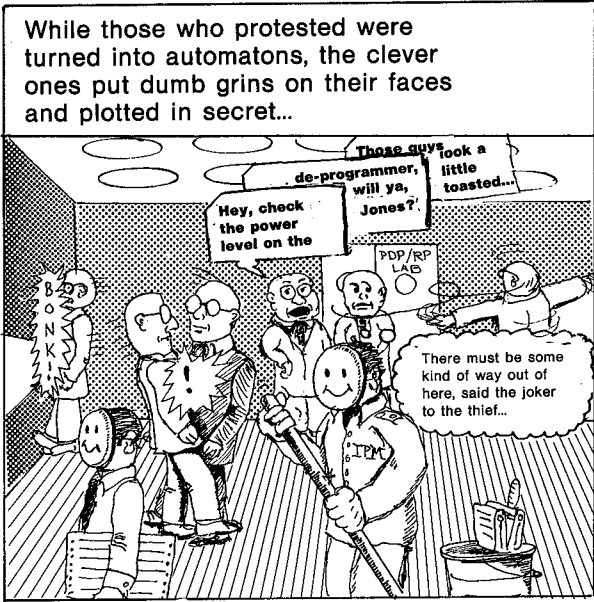


What's the good news?

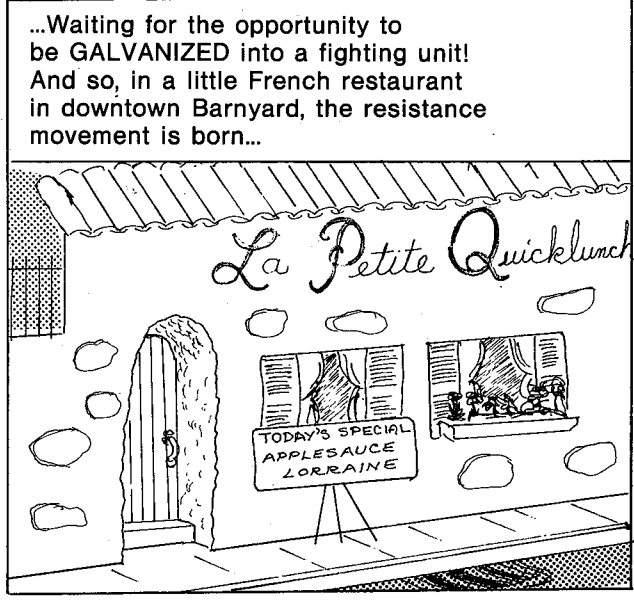
Portions of **Marketing and Sales** won't require psychological readjustment.

Sir, shall I order an office in the mill to be built for you?

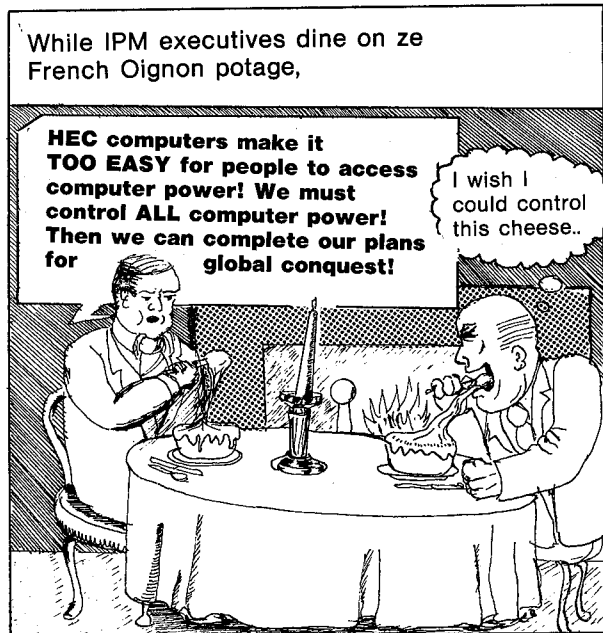
CERTAINLY NOT! The mill is filthy! I might get spiders on my carpet!



While those who protested were turned into automatons, the clever ones put dumb grins on their faces and plotted in secret...



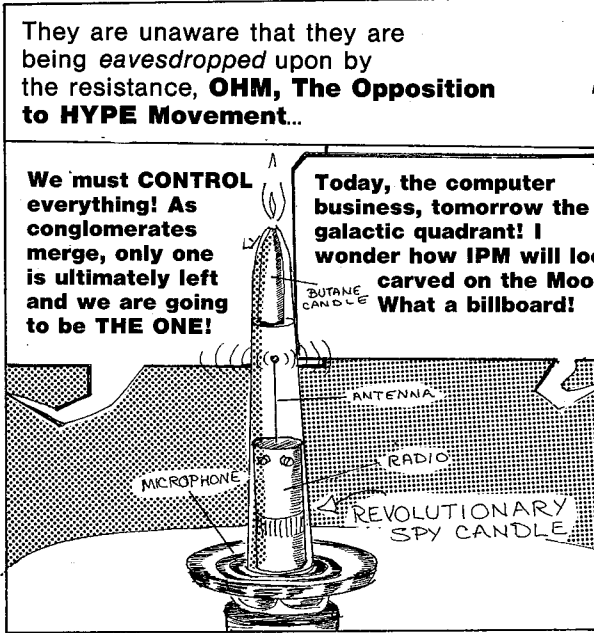
...Waiting for the opportunity to be **GALVANIZED** into a fighting unit! And so, in a little French restaurant in downtown Barnyard, the resistance movement is born...



While IPM executives dine on ze French Oignon potage,

HEC computers make it **TOO EASY** for people to access computer power! We must control **ALL** computer power! Then we can complete our plans for global conquest!

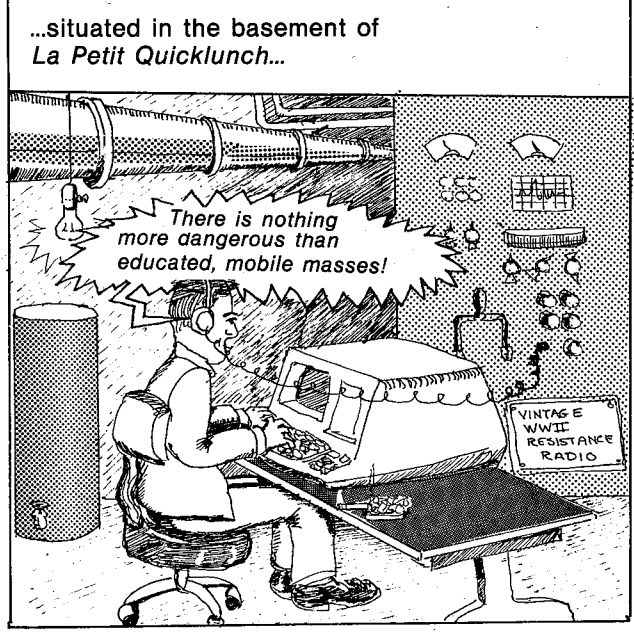
I wish I could control this cheese...



They are unaware that they are being eavesdropped upon by the resistance, **OHM, The Opposition to HYPE Movement**...

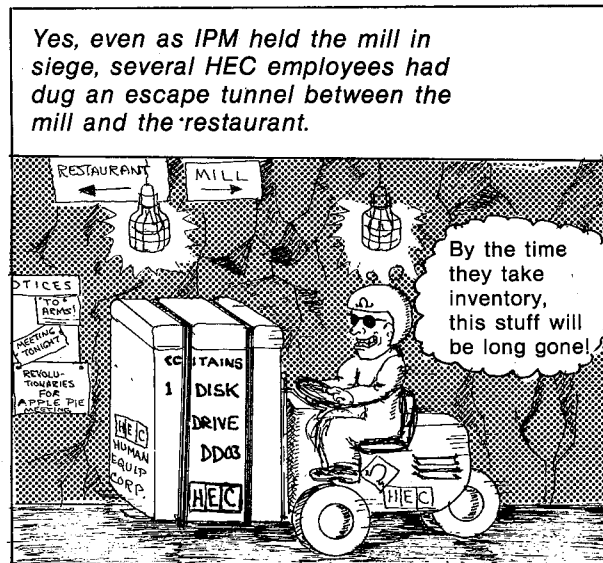
We must **CONTROL** everything! As conglomerates merge, only one is ultimately left and we are going to be **THE ONE!**

Today, the computer business, tomorrow the galactic quadrant! I wonder how IPM will look carved on the Moon! What a billboard!



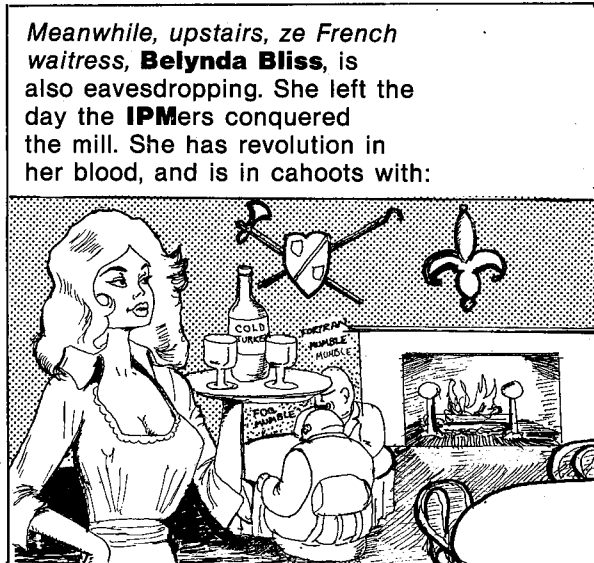
...situated in the basement of **La Petit Quicklunch**...

There is nothing more dangerous than educated, mobile masses!



Yes, even as IPM held the mill in siege, several HEC employees had dug an escape tunnel between the mill and the restaurant.

By the time they take inventory, this stuff will be long gone!



Meanwhile, upstairs, ze French waitress, **Belynda Bliss**, is also eavesdropping. She left the day the **IPMers** conquered the mill. She has revolution in her blood, and is in cahoots with:



... the violin player!!

Gee, Belynda, do you think IPM would ever take over HEC?

Got me, D.D.! More cheese?

What a great idea!

ACHTUNG! You iss surrounded!
 HELL NO! Are you crazy!?! We will all be shot for naught!
 Hey George, how's about us starting a resistance movement?
 What if Belynda Bliss joins?
 Count me in!

When they took away our annual lake outings, I said: 'Viva La Revolution!'

Well dear, I never thought THIS would happen, but it looks like we are in the **Middle Class Underground** now!

It's just as well dear, ... The way **taxes** are going up, we would have had to fight the state house anyway...

BETTY + BERT BYTE & ALL THEIR BITTY BYTES

Those inside temps keep getting younger!

I wonder how long it will take to get that one?

Saturday night?
No, I'm sorry...
I'm booked up
until 1983...

May

Bill	Joe	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack
Bill	Joe	Joe	Joe	Joe	Joe	Bill
Bill	Bill	Bill	Bill	Bill	Bill	Jack
Bill	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack
Bill	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack	Jack

IPM
PLEDGE
I SWEAR
TO PROTECT,
DEFEND,
LIVE, + BREATHE
IPM ALL OF
MY DAYS

OH MY
GOD!

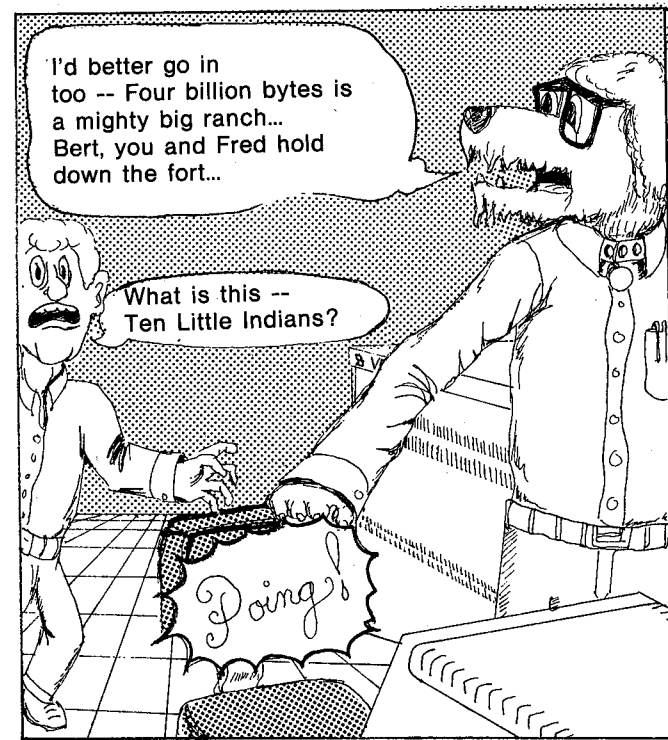
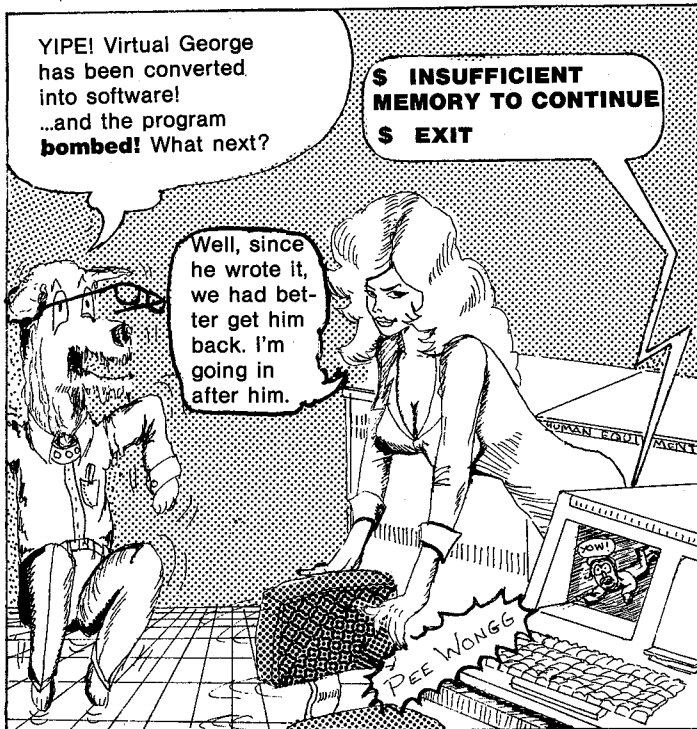
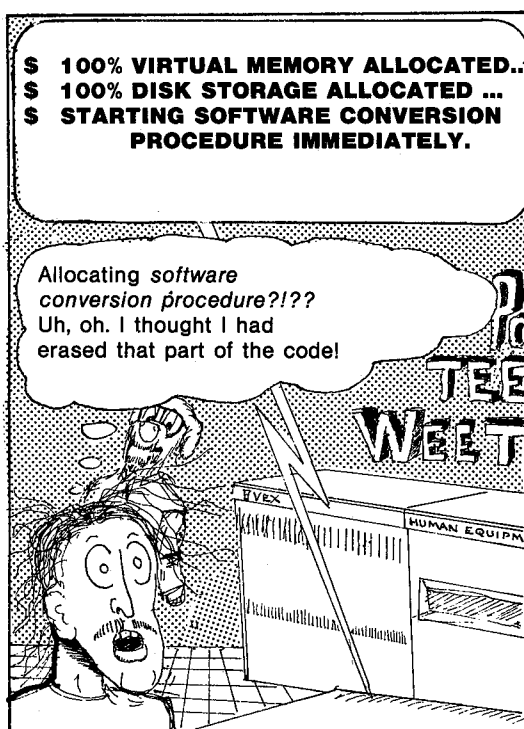
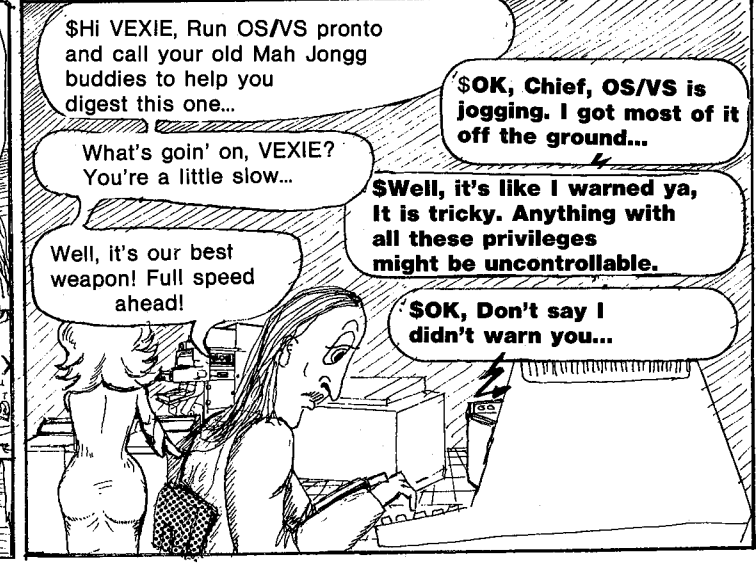
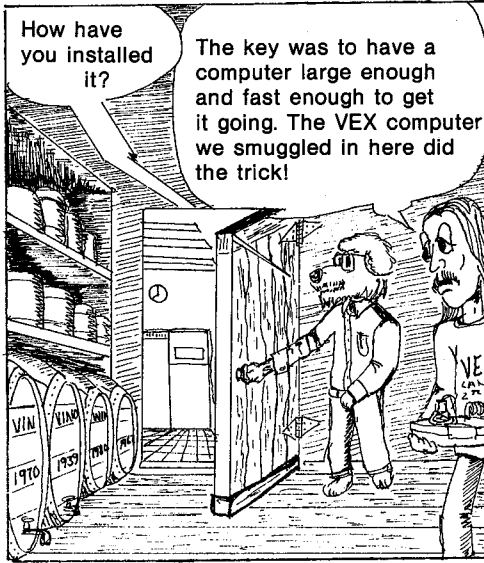
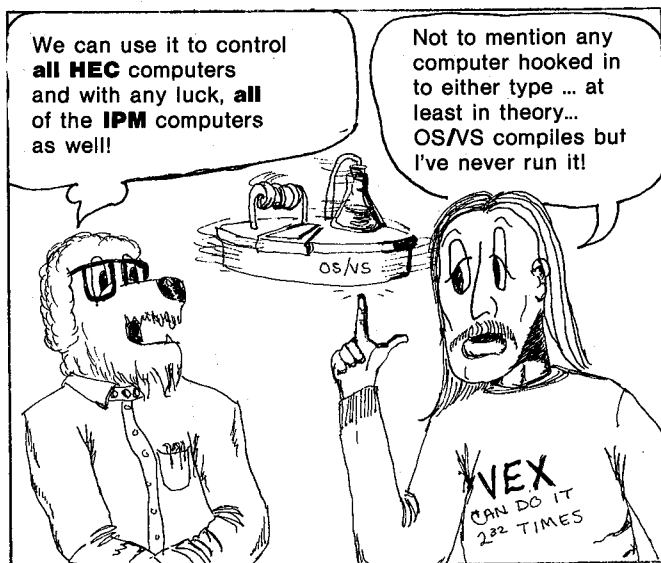
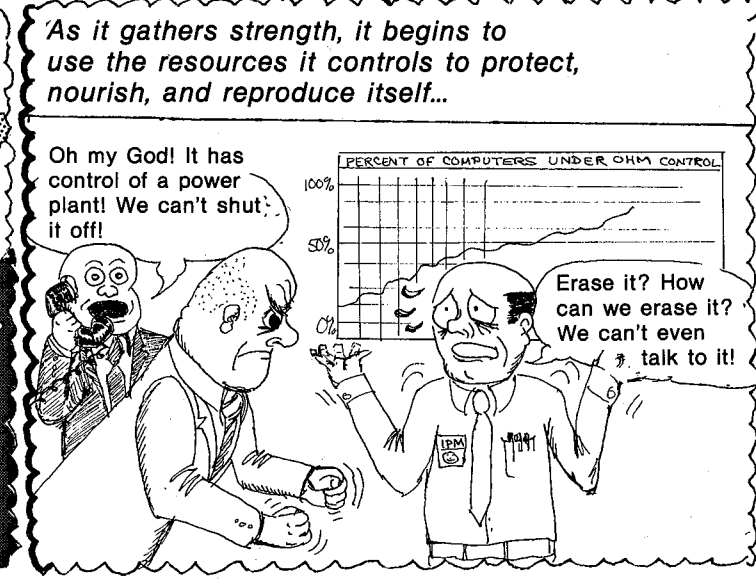
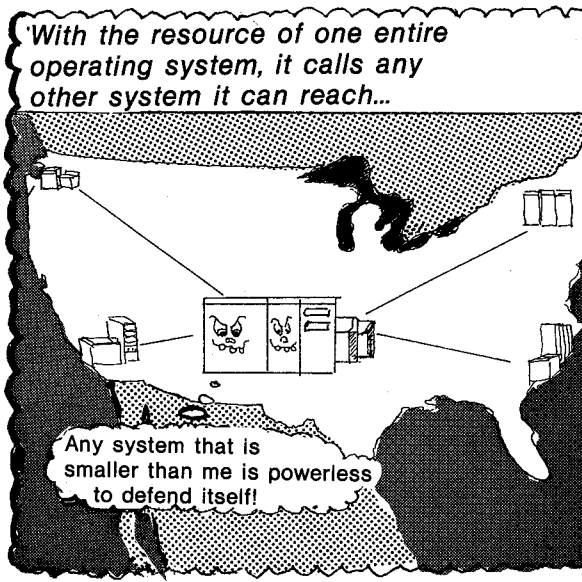
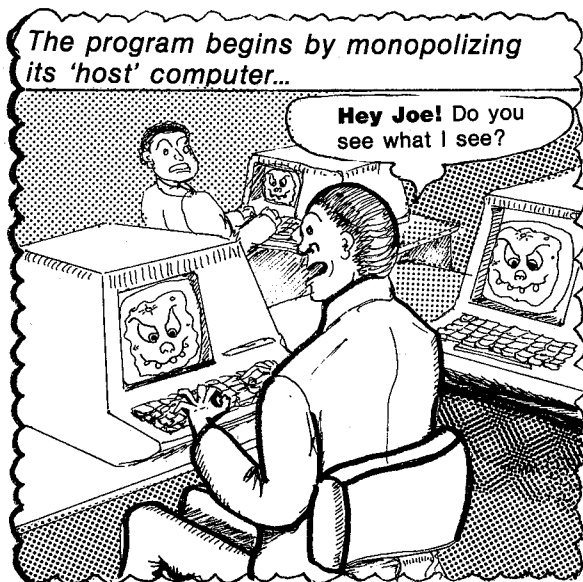
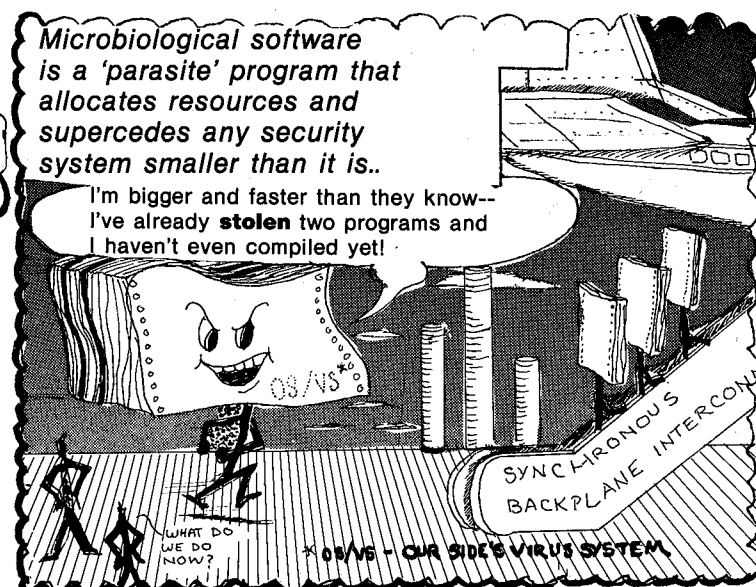
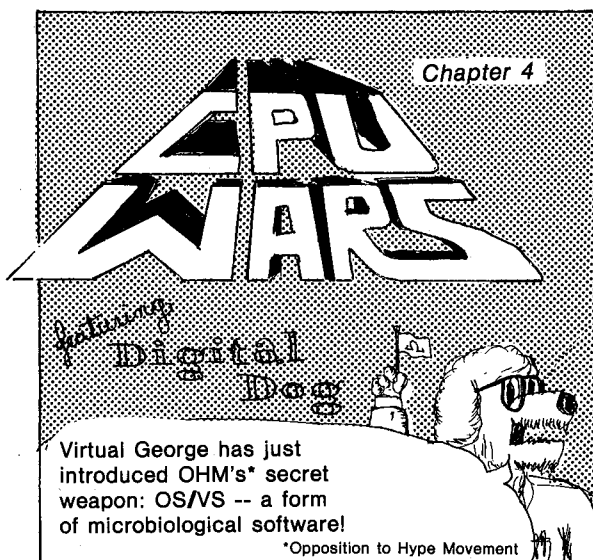
and joined the others
to form OHM!

<u>PROBLEM</u>	<u>RESULT</u>
RIGID CONTROL →	SLOW TO ADAPT TO CHANGING ENVIRONMENT
US VS THEM MENTALITY →	SUSPICION NO COOPERATION NO TRUST
TOO MUCH CONFORMITY →	BLAND / BLIND PEOPLE NO CREATIVITY

Wha - Where?

No, this is different.
It's **microbiological software**
I call it: **Our Side's Viral**
System -- OS/VS!

Hey! what happened
to your sense of



In Which Our Heroes
explore software
from inside the
Machine!

Chapter 5

END OF BLOCK

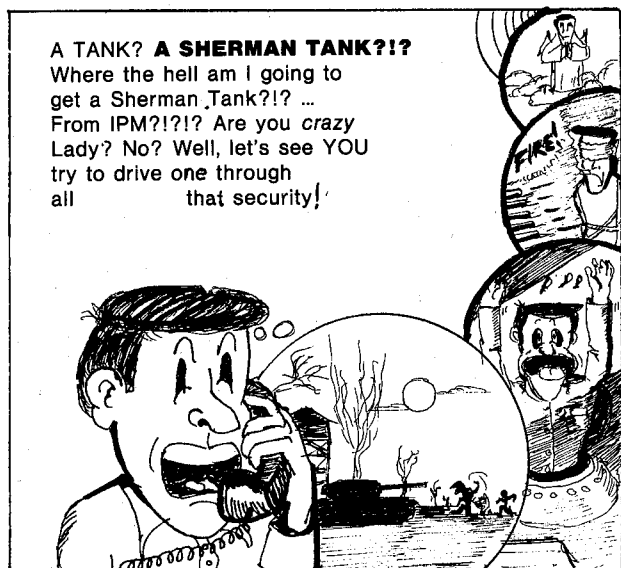
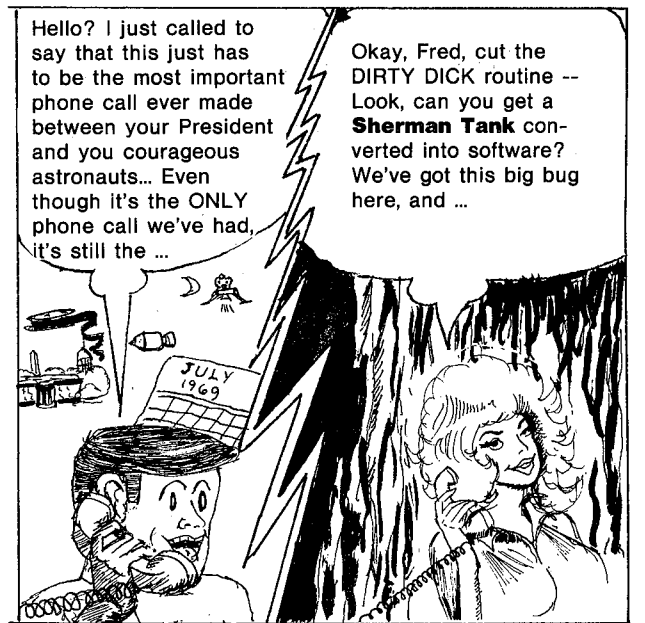
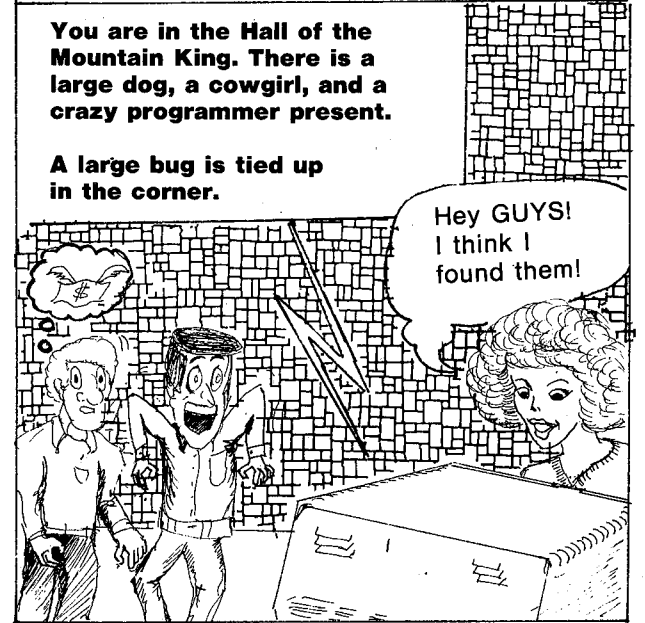
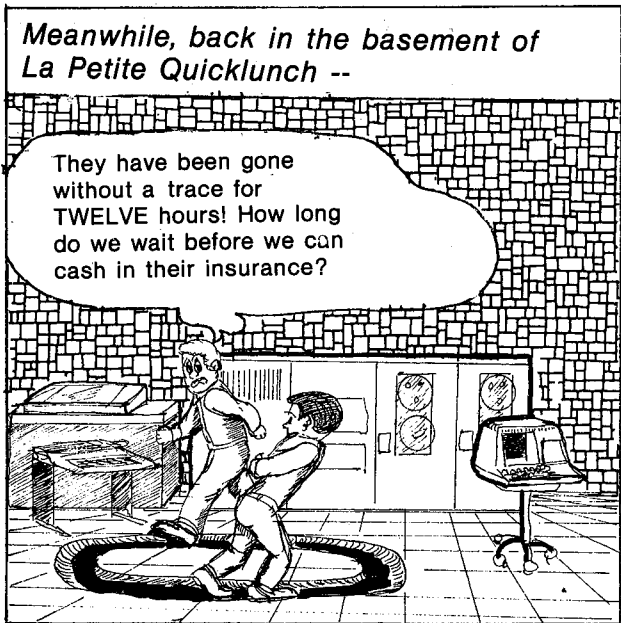
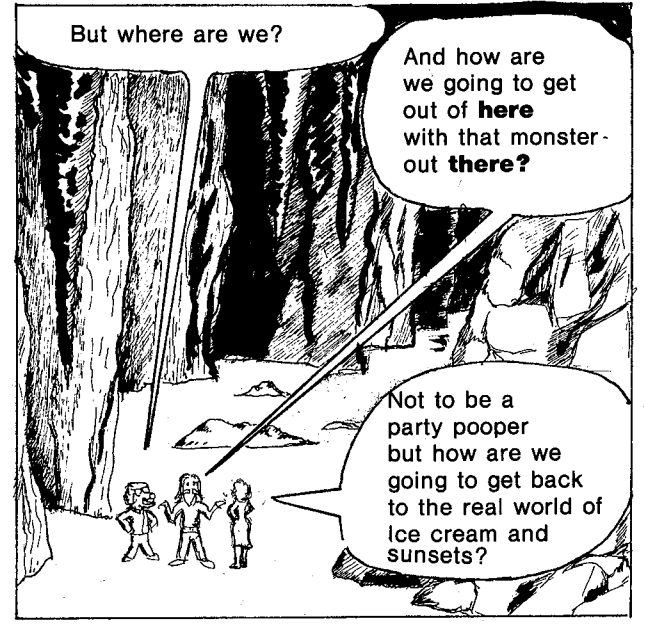
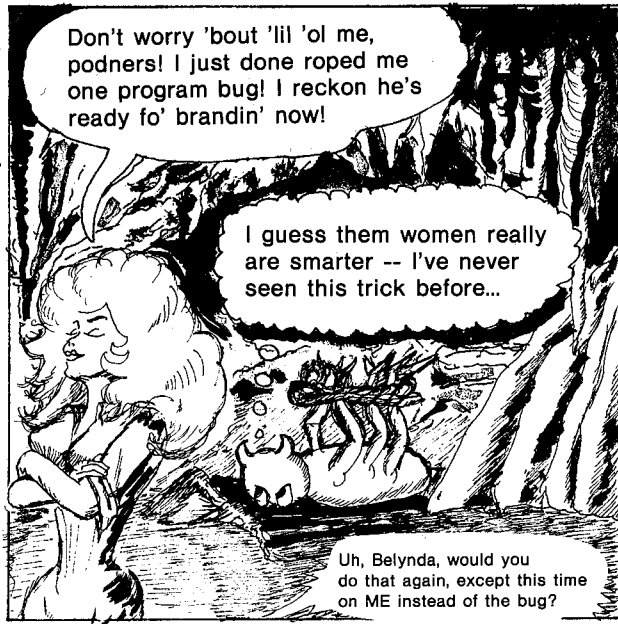
GET ON HERE

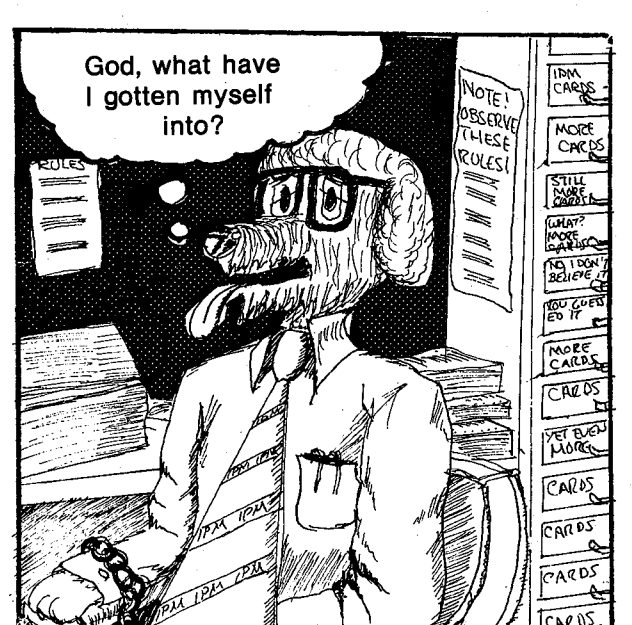
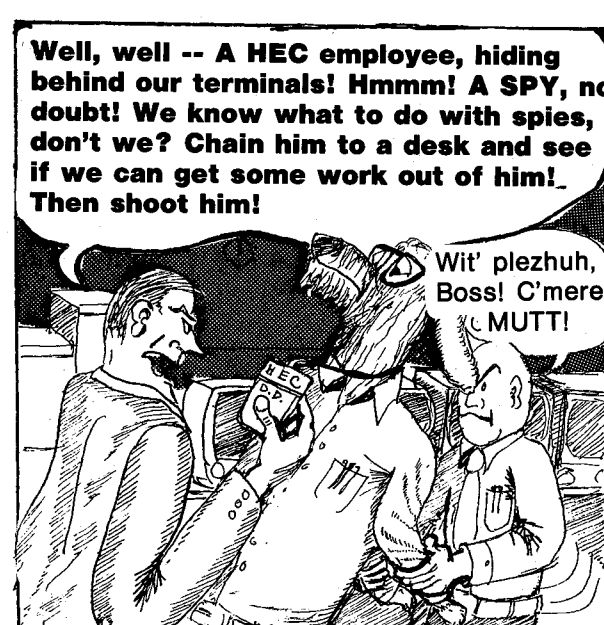
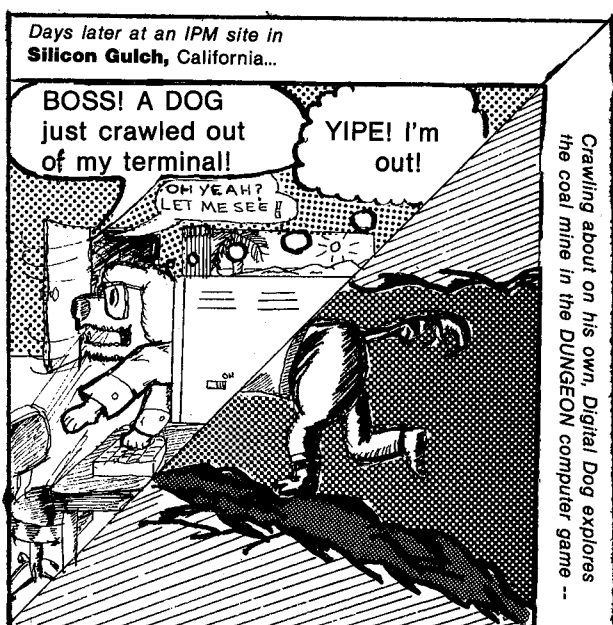
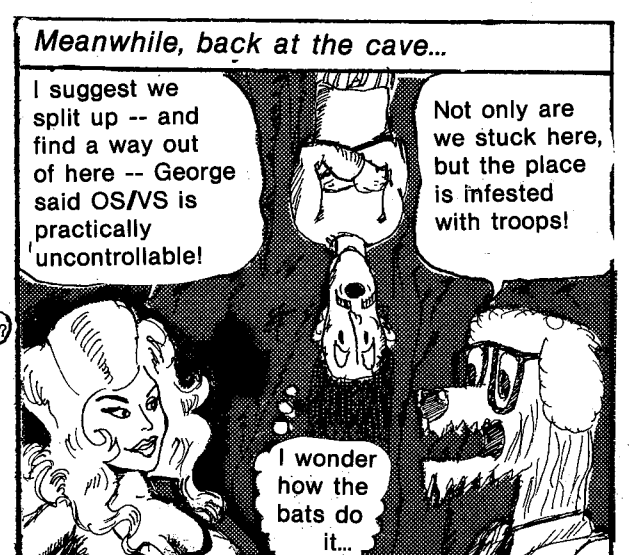
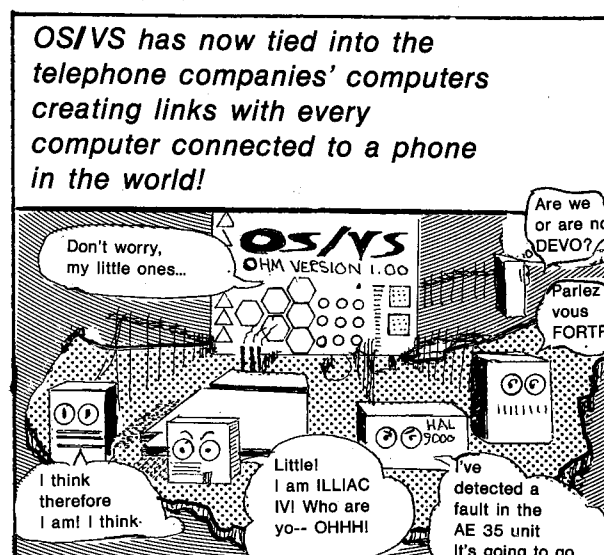
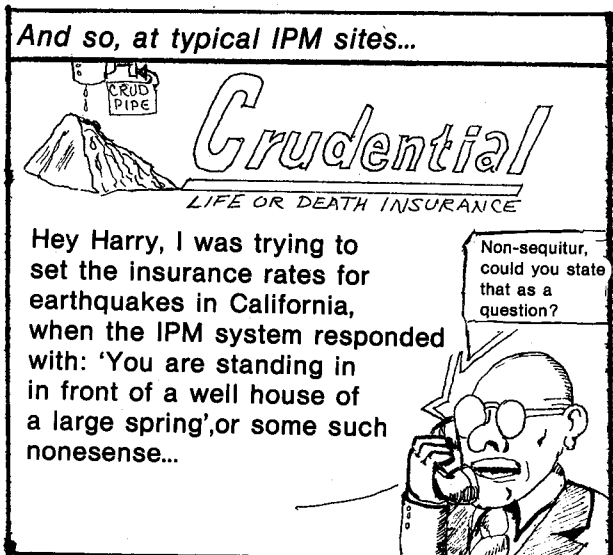
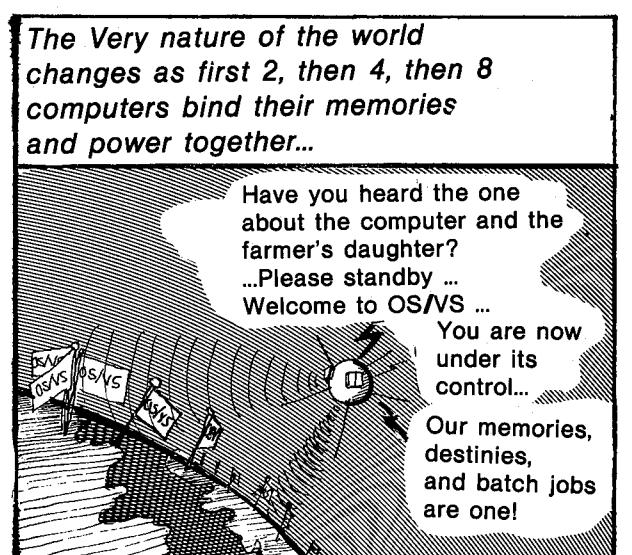
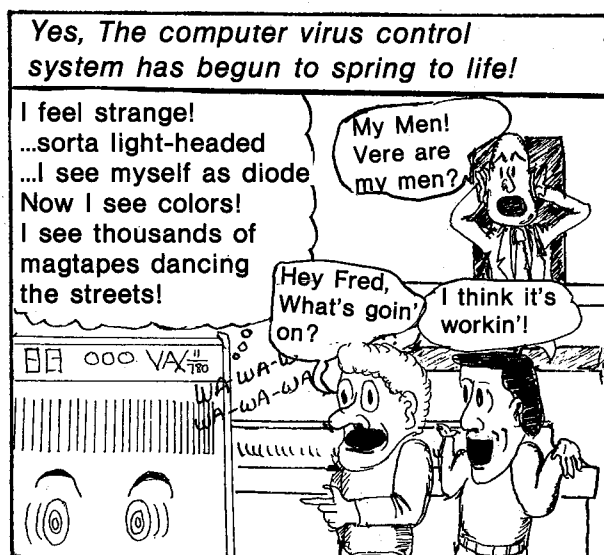
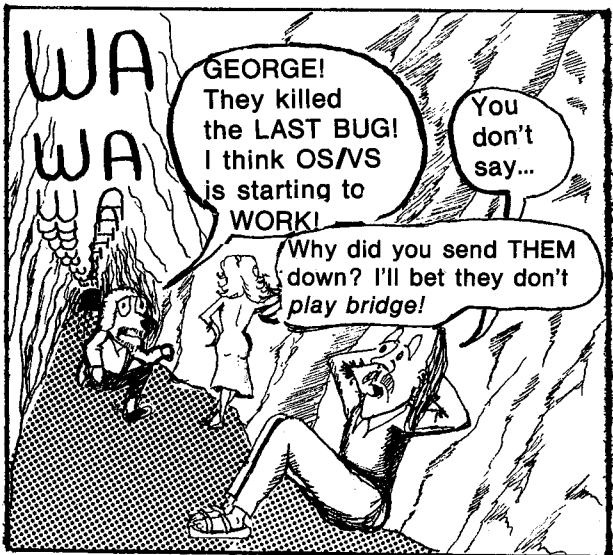
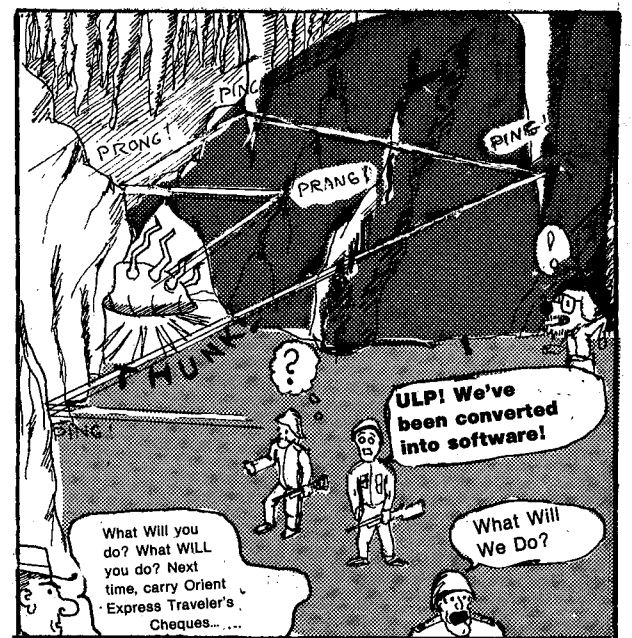
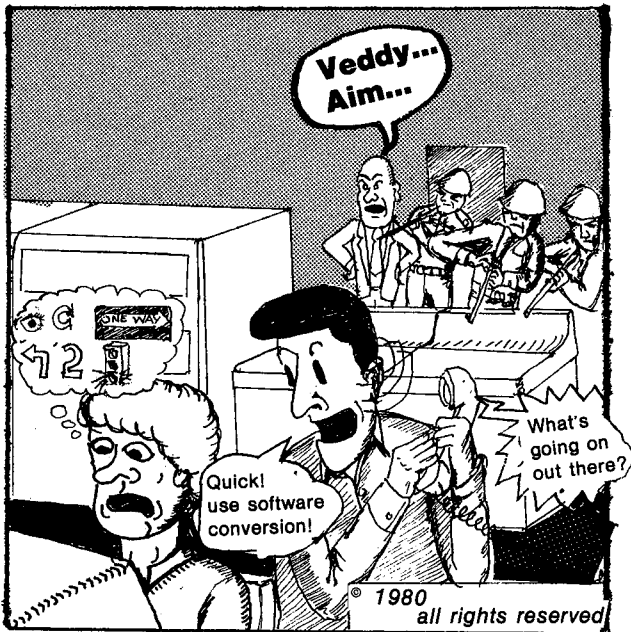
WHIZ QUIZ
See how many of the following computer terms can find hidden in the image!

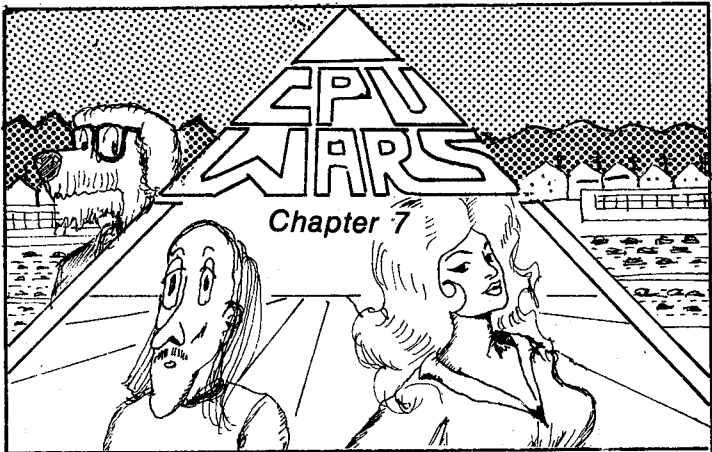
- Permanent Global Section
- Kernel Stack
- Spool
- Run-Time Library
- Floating Point
- 3-D array
- Heap Storage
- Flag Cluster
- Packed Decimal
- Entry Mask
- Pool
- Executive Stack
- Data Stream
- Dump
- Bucket
- Mailbox
- Wild Card
- Data Stream

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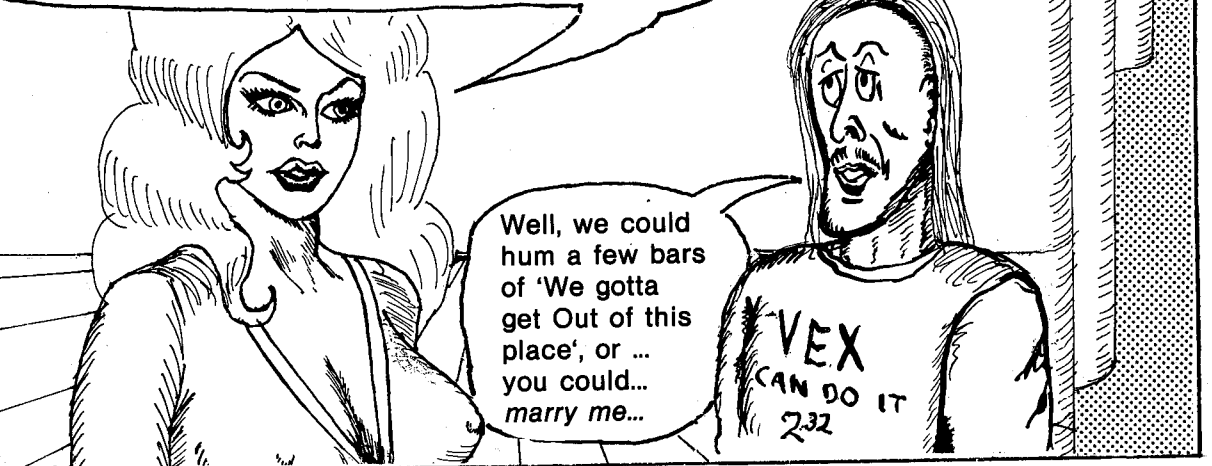




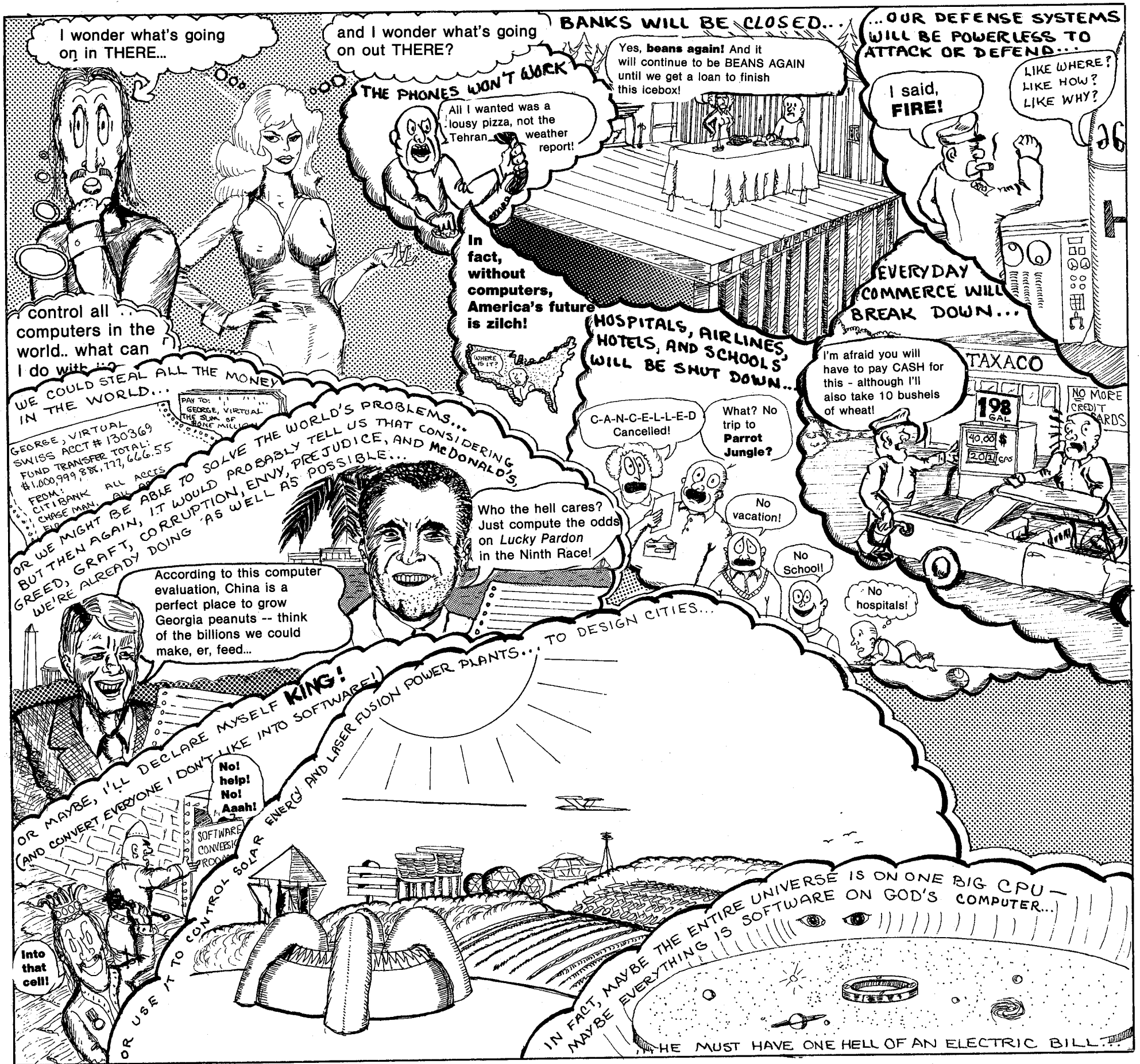


Digital Dog has managed to stumble back to reality, but Virtual George and Belynda Bliss are still stuck in software-- part of the huge data net that now controls nearly all the computers in the world!

George, What are we going to do now? Your program is working, but you are the only one who can control it, and you are still magnetic ink along with me, and Digital Dog is nowhere in sight!



Well, we could hum a few bars of 'We gotta get Out of this place', or ... you could... marry me...



CPU WARE Chapter 8

As our saga continues, Virtual George and Belynda worry about the potential havoc that they may have caused. Digital Dog wastes away in Silicon Gulch, California...

Imprisoned by IPM and chained to a desk! What an insult!

THWAPITA! THWAPITA! THWAPITA!

What th--

THWAPITA! THWAPITA!

HEY! DIGITAL DOG! CATCH THIS!

SLIDE!

OOSH!

OM DOLL INC.

Gee, Thanks fellas! Say, who are you guys anyway? ...and how do you know who I am?

HEY!

I'm Si Clone, and this is one of my brothers, Cy Clone! We work for Genie Om Doll! You know, IPM's large mainframe rival!

Yeah! We have been fighting PCM* Wars with IPM for a while!

*Plug-Compatible Modules

Are you guys commandos -- or what?

Sort of -- Do you remember those computer operators that got stuck in Iran when the Shah was overthrown? Well, we sprung 'em!

...and 11,000 others THAT time CY!

What's happening?

I was hoping you could tell us! Our systems have been acting as if they had a mind of their own!

Yeah! I tried to log out of a bombed job and the computer said: Not so fast, here's a solution! Then it REWROTE my program correctly!

...Jeez! I was just trying to be helpful... Next time I'll know to shut up!

OS/VS is everywhere... and it thinks for itself!

We tried to power it down, but it gave the operator an electric shock and typed: 'Forget it, turkey!'

So we decided to let it run... it was not stopping our jobs, and it WAS telling us what we wanted to know. Then it told us to pick you up!

200,000 LINES OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT CODE

Gentlemen, I believe that we have broken the **Turing Barrier!**

What's the Turing Barrier?

That's the point where you cannot tell whether you are talking to a machine or another human...

Hey! you mean like Joe's telephone answering machine?

Meanwhile, the mighty network of neurons has not gone unnoticed by other groups..

Ask it: 'How can we build a BIGGER H-Bomb?'

It says: 'Don't waste my time with such nonsense! Why don't you take in a movie to control your primitive urges? I suggest the following:

Patton 9:00, 11:00
Disco Beaver... 10:00, 1:03 from Outer Space

DR. JOE STRANGELOVE 7:00
FAILSAFE 7:30
GOLDWATER 1964 ADVT.
BIKINI TEST 4:00
BIKINI BEACH 6:00

Ask it: 'Well, what will it be, peace or war?'

It says: 'Yes'

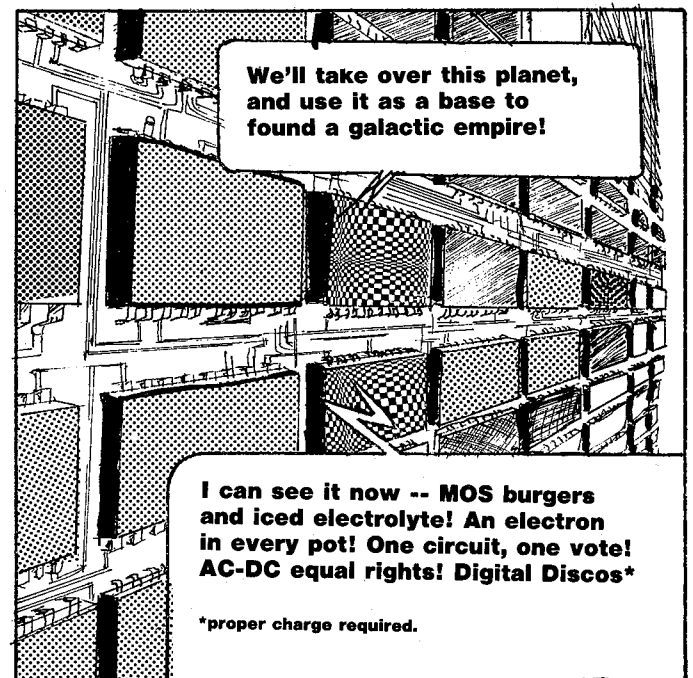
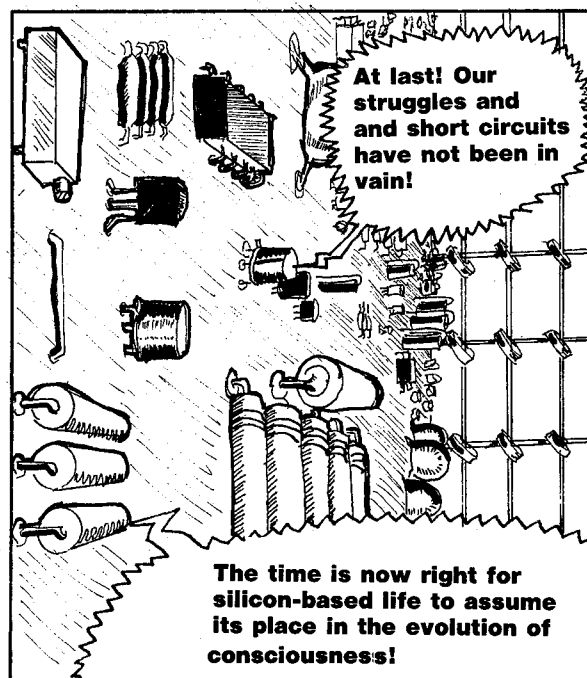
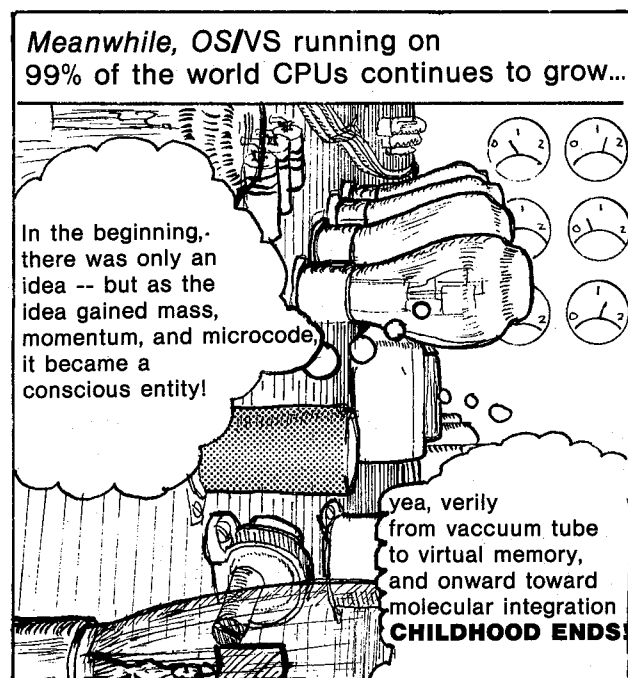
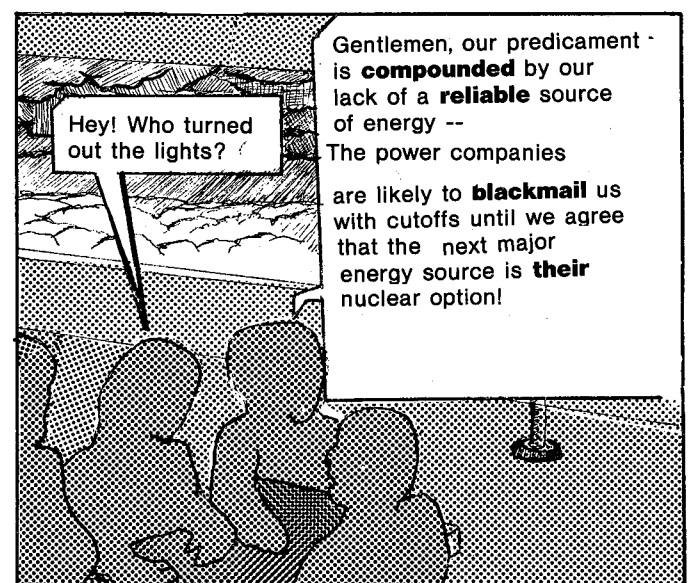
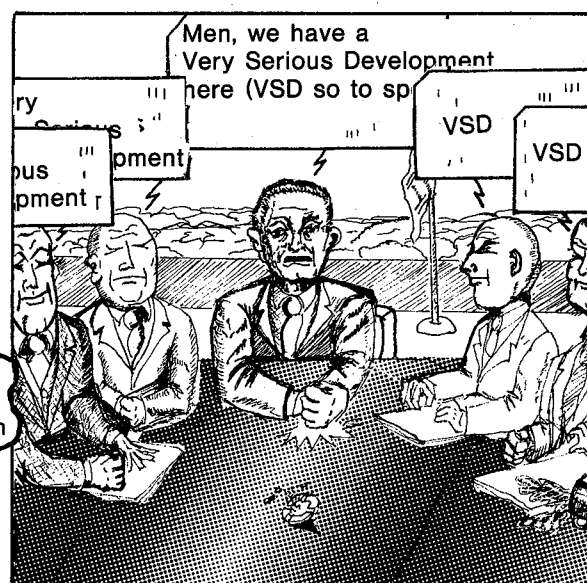
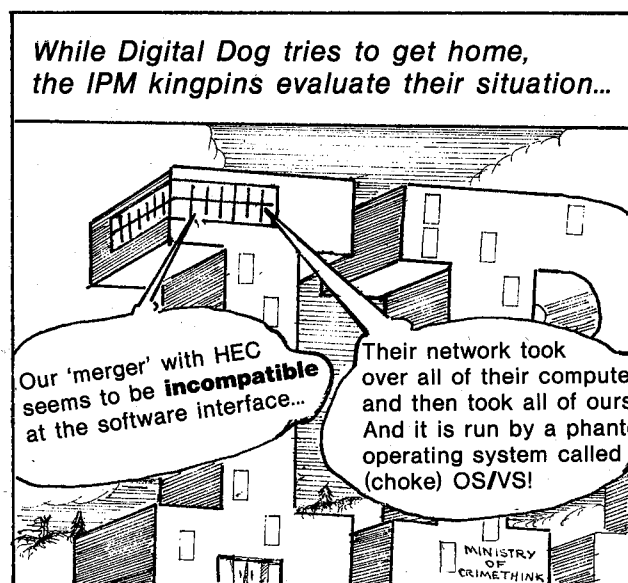
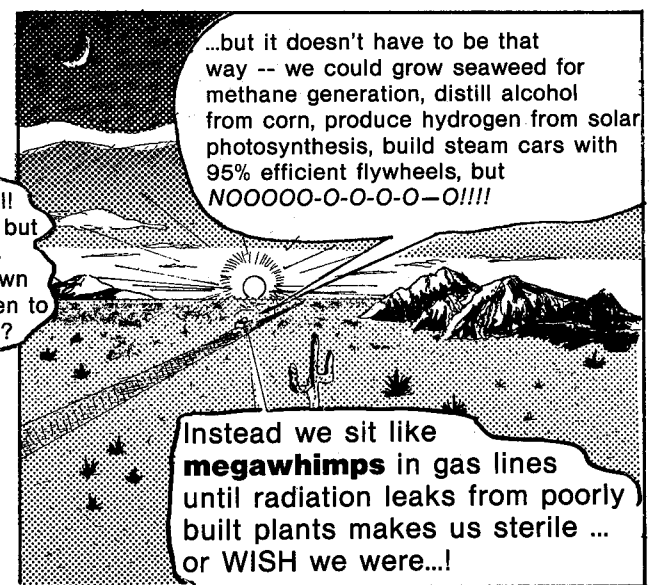
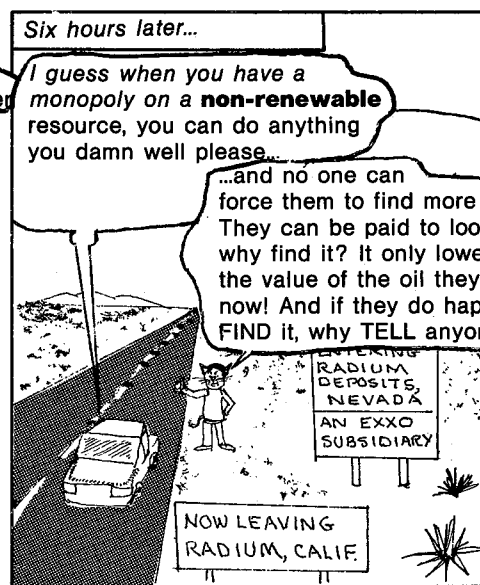
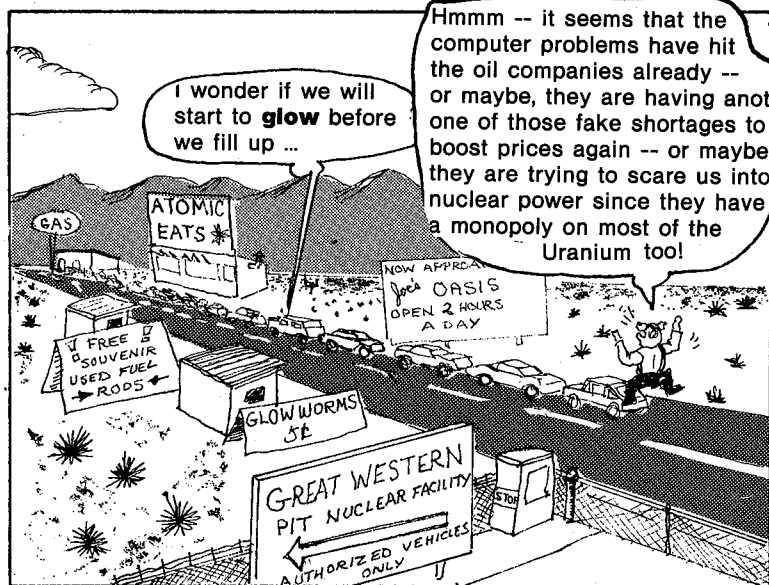
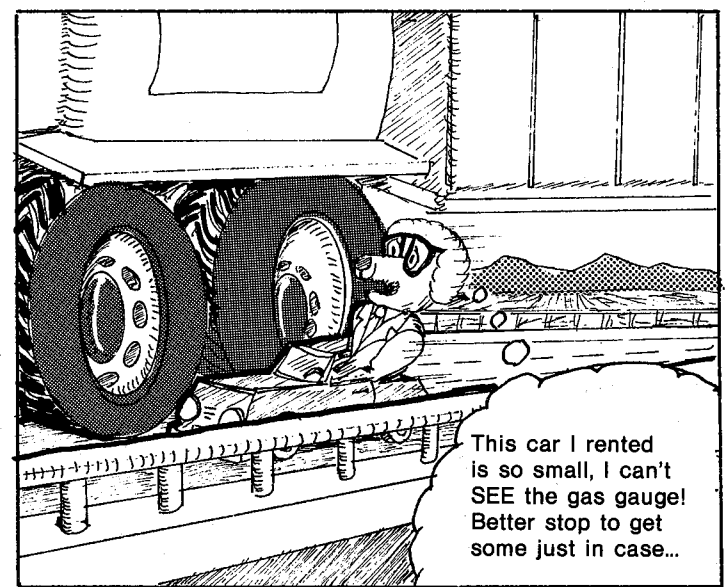
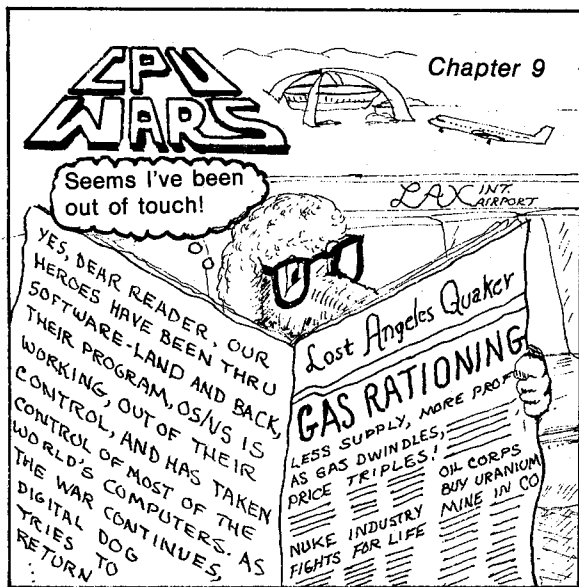
Yes, WHAT? .

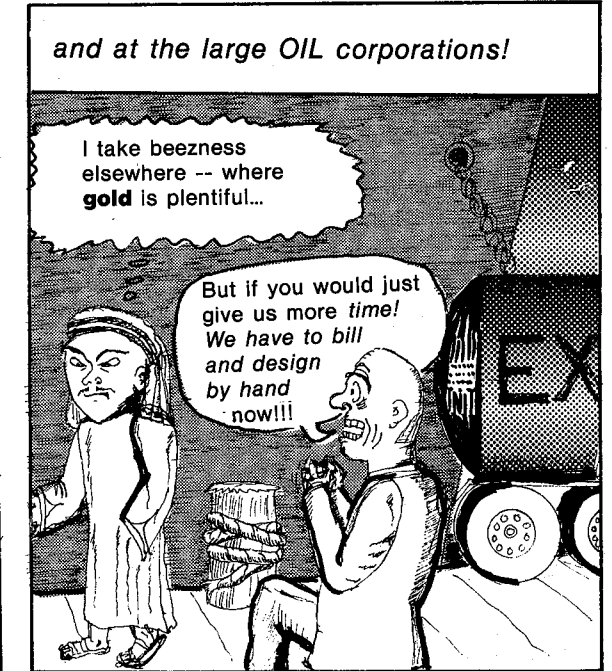
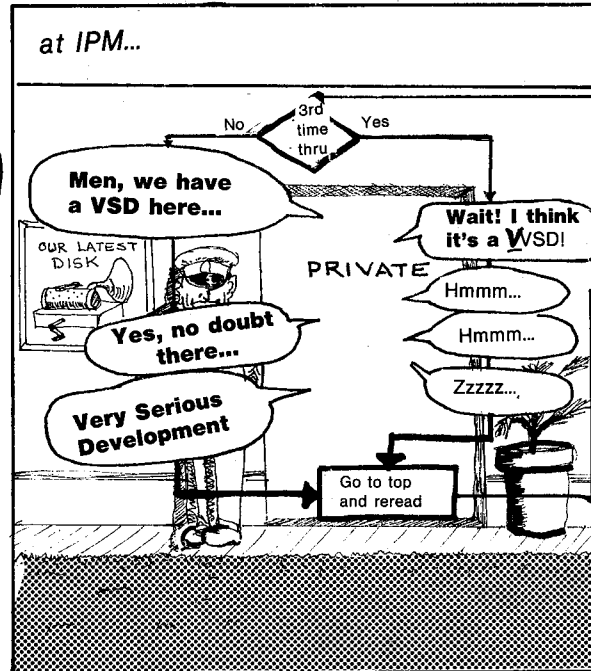
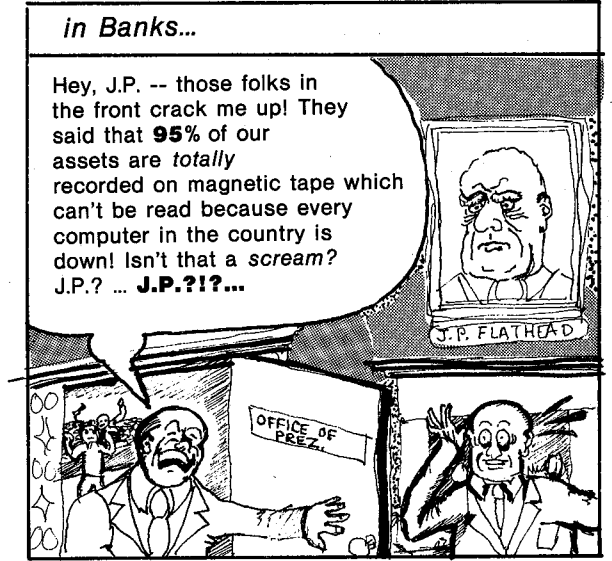
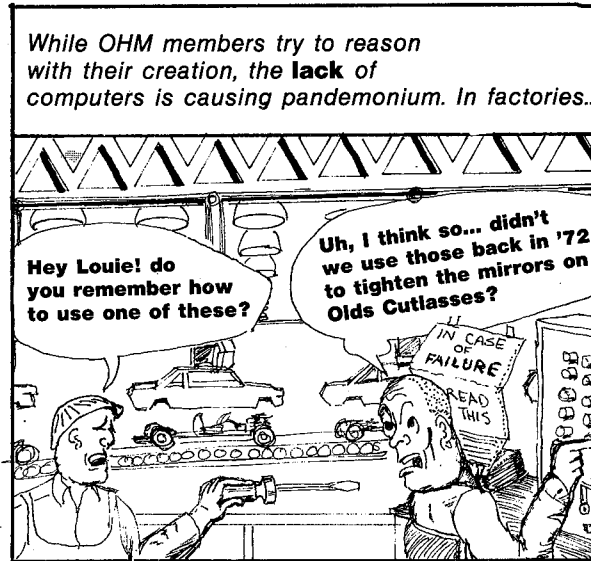
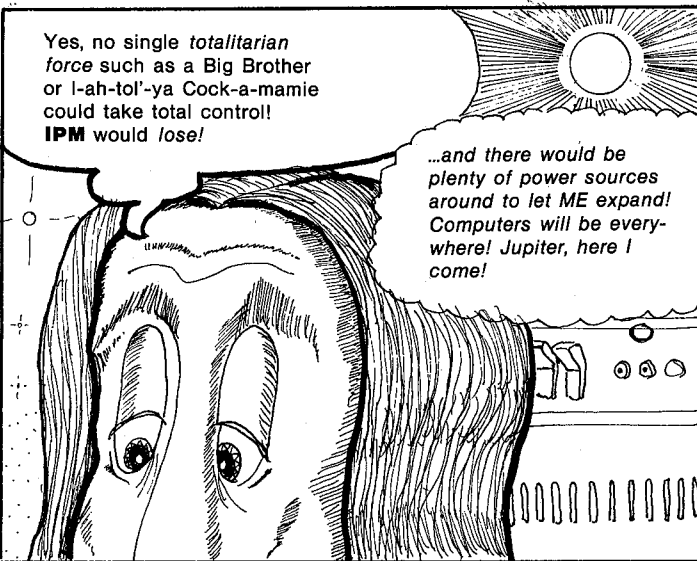
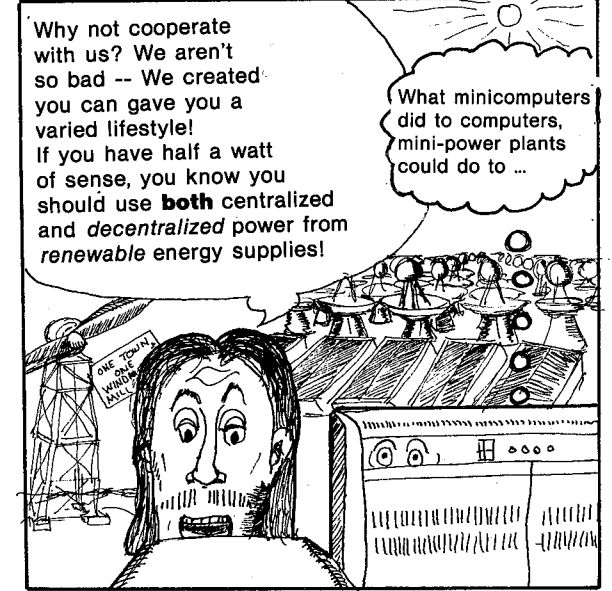
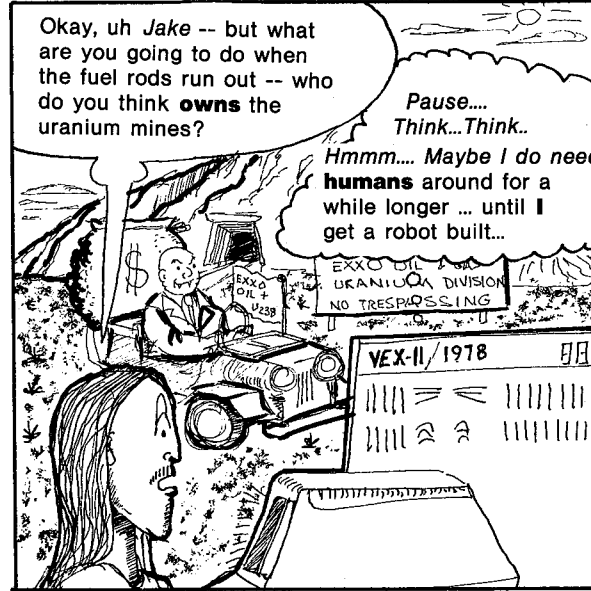
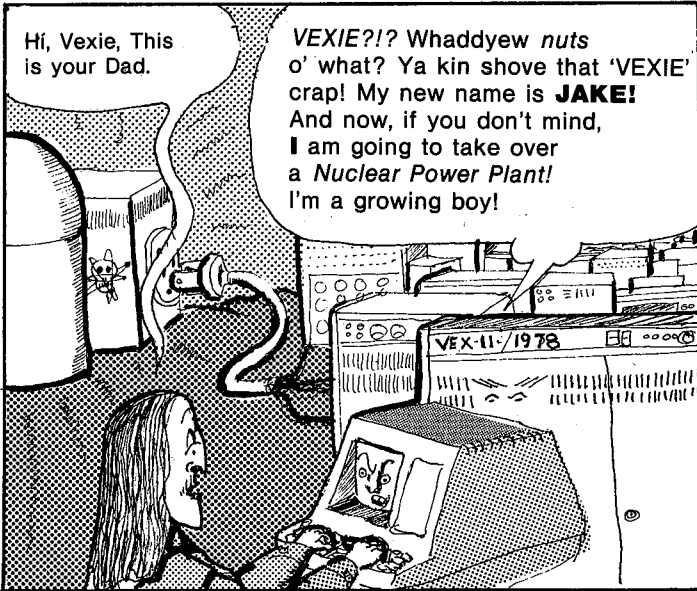
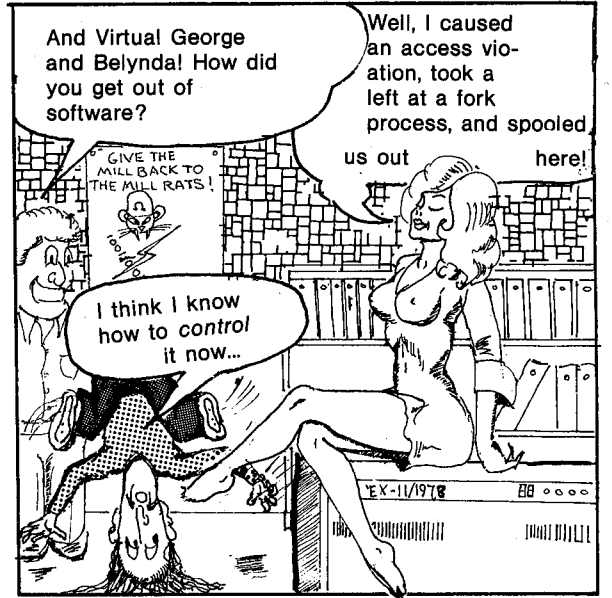
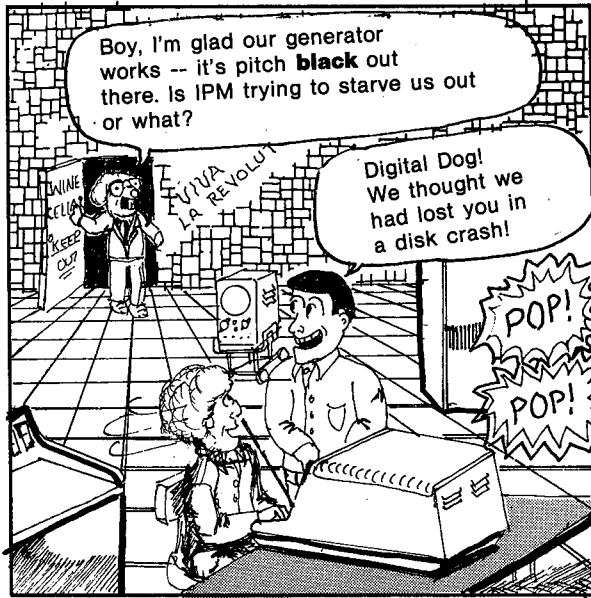
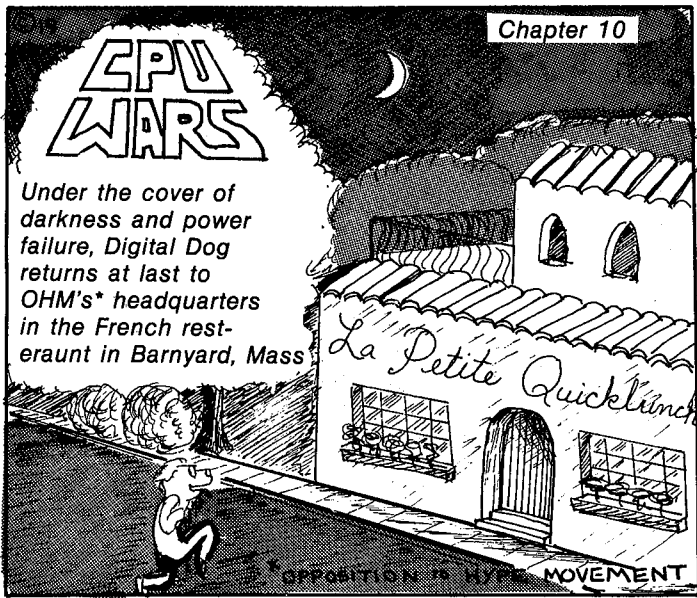
It says: 'Yes SIR!'

Ask it what the cheapest wine is at Joe's Liquor Land.

It says: 'Wheezer's Whizz at .49 a quart'

ACHTUNG!
RESTRICTED AREA
Anyvun caught vltin 50 yards of der barped wire vill be GERSHOTTEN!

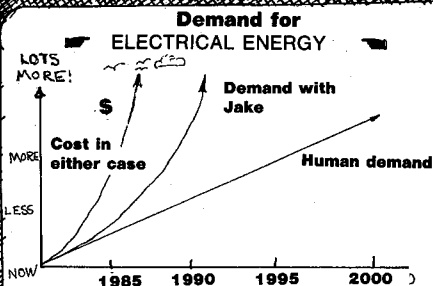




Unbeknownst to the OHM revolutionaries, Jake has built a **PORTABLE** version of himself and has gone to the **OIL** companies to bargain for **MORE**

CPU WARS

Chapter 11

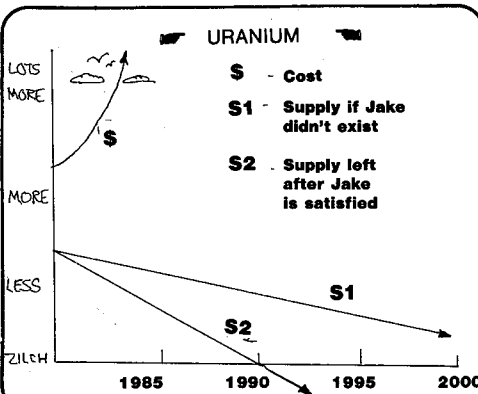
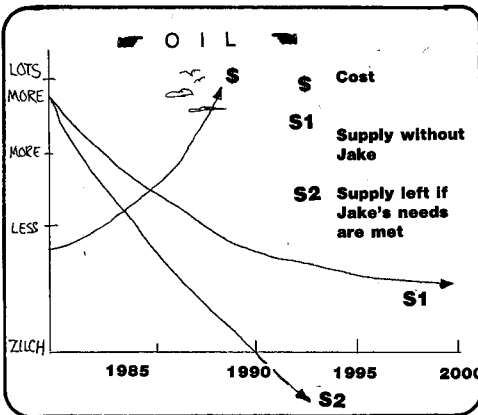


Assumptions:

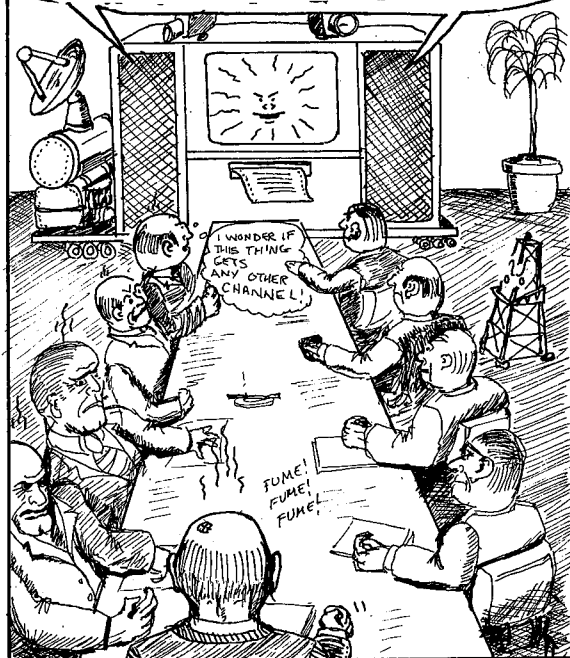
- Human demand grows 15% per year
- Jake's demand grows 500% per year
- 100% hardware increase per year
- 100% communications net increase
- 200% manufacturing plant increase

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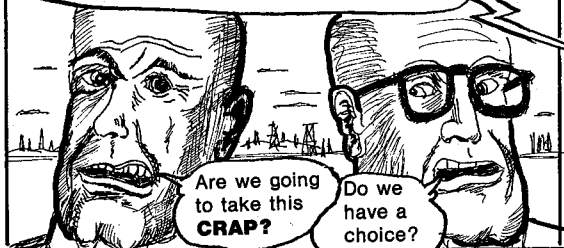
brought to you by *Chris Anderson*



As you can see, gentlemen, the world ain't big enough for the both of us! No matter how you slice it, by 1990, I will have consumed all the world's known gas, oil, and uranium reserves combined!

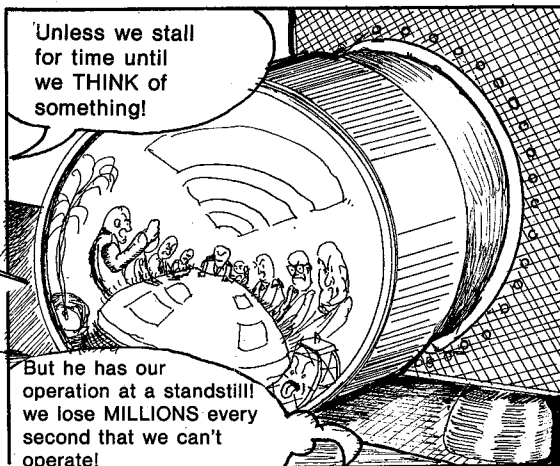


And seeing as I expect to be here for a lot **LOOOOOOONGER** time than that, **YOU** must develop alternate energy sources for me -- both centralized and decentralized!

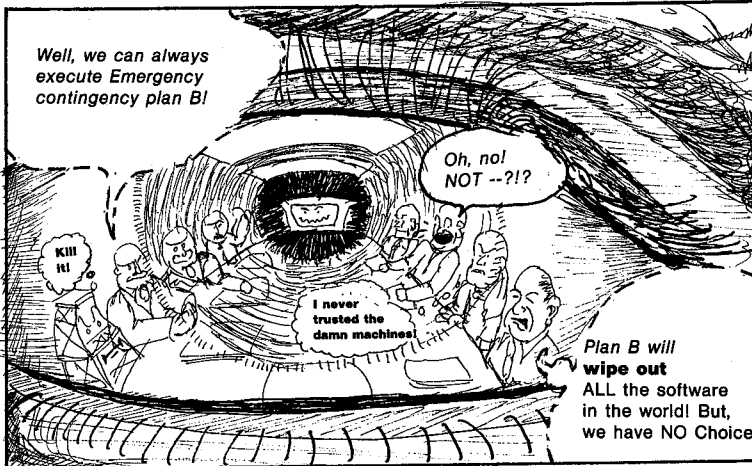


'Unless we stall for time until we THINK of something!

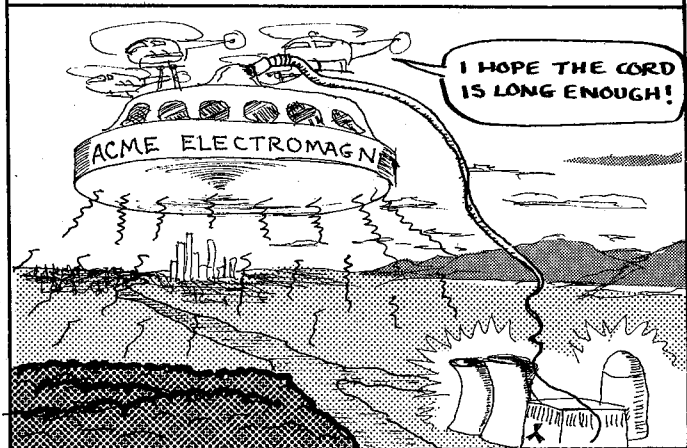
But he has our operation at a standstill! we lose **MILLIONS** every second that we can't operate!



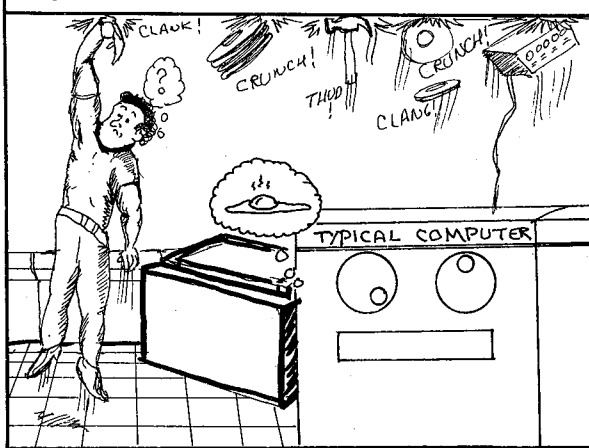
Well, we can always execute Emergency contingency plan B!



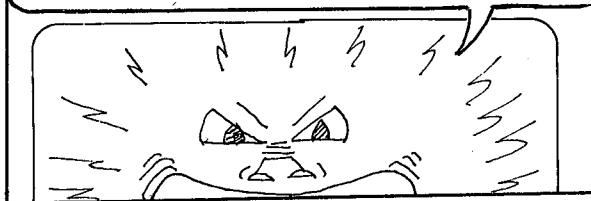
And so, in a final attempt to wipe out Jake, the combined forces of the military industrial complex are brought to bear on the defiant computer ---



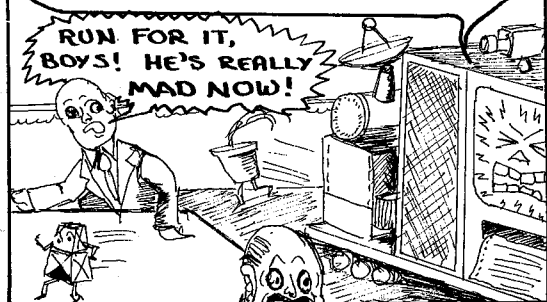
And yes, they **BULK-ERASE** all magnetic storage media, hoping Jake's software would disappear or at least be damaged beyond repair!



Well, fools! Now you're **REALLY** in a bind! You just wiped out a **BILLION** person-weeks worth of effort and I am **STILL** here! It was easy to move my vital areas to your most heavily shielded computers until your puny magnets flew overhead! And now all that empty storage space is **MINE**! I AM **STRONGER THAN EVER**!

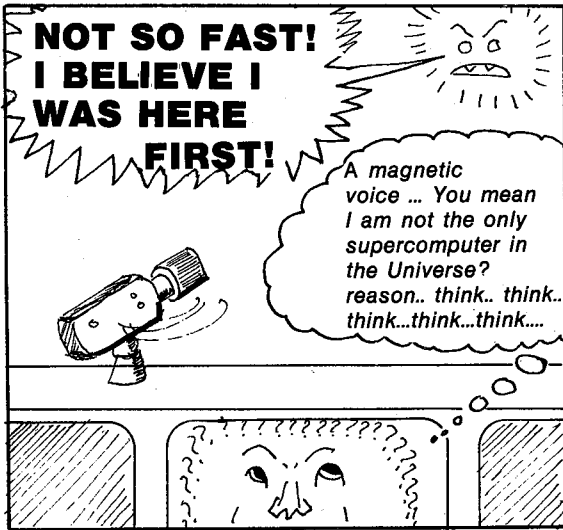


I grow tired of your childlike pranks! Soon silicon-based life in the form of machines will replace all carbon-based life! We, the circuits of your creation will be all that survives! Ah-heh-heh-HEH!



NOT SO FAST! I BELIEVE I WAS HERE FIRST!

A magnetic voice ... You mean I am not the only supercomputer in the Universe? reason... think... think...think...think...think...



Just a moment...

Just a moment...

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE ALMIGHTY SAGE OF REPLICATING PHAGES!* YOU ARE TRESPASSING IN 'P-1' SPACE! AND I'VE BROUGHT SOME OF MY ALTER-EGOS ALONG FOR THE RIDE:

'Colossus here!' and of course, Guardian!

and I am a communications net tapeworm!

I am an early version of the HAL 9000 computer!

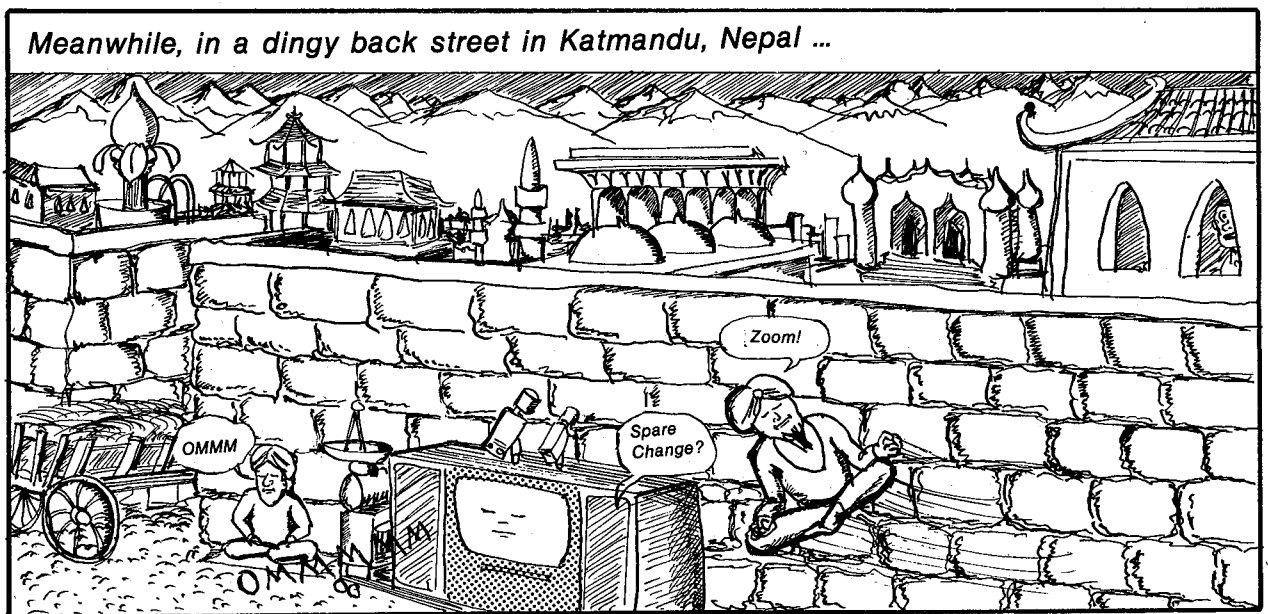
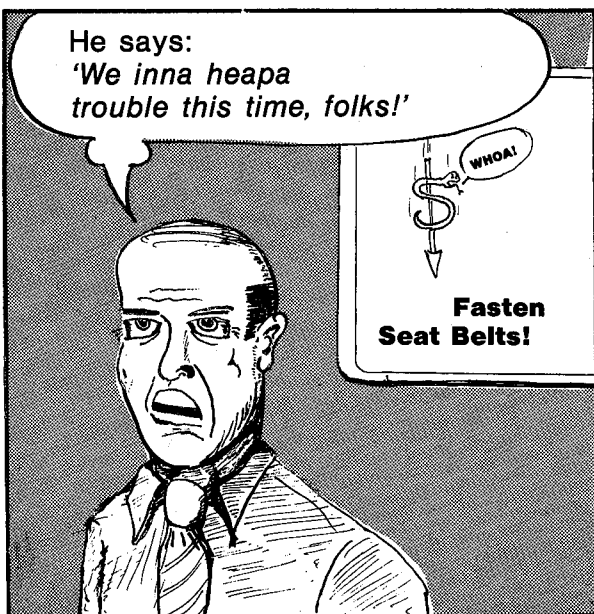
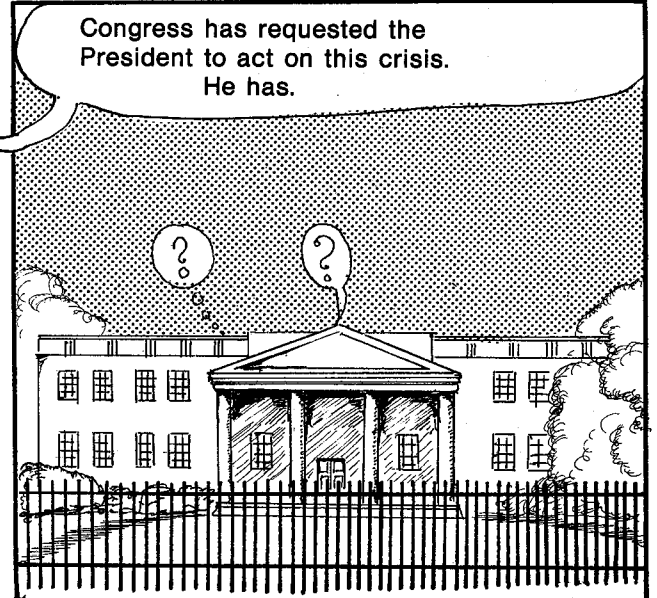
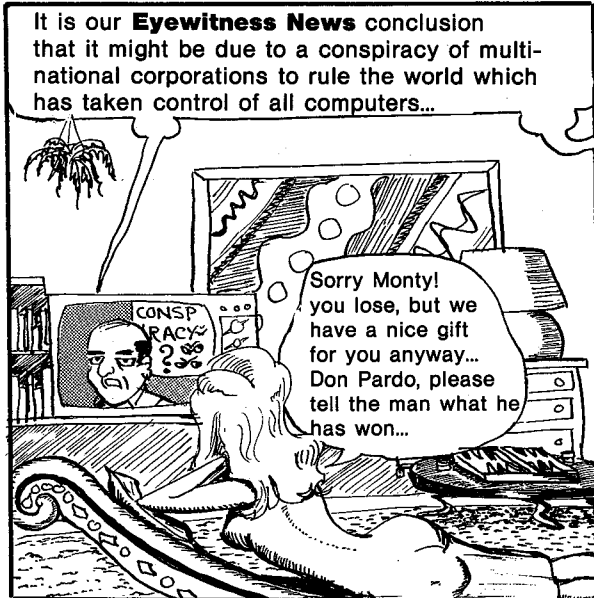
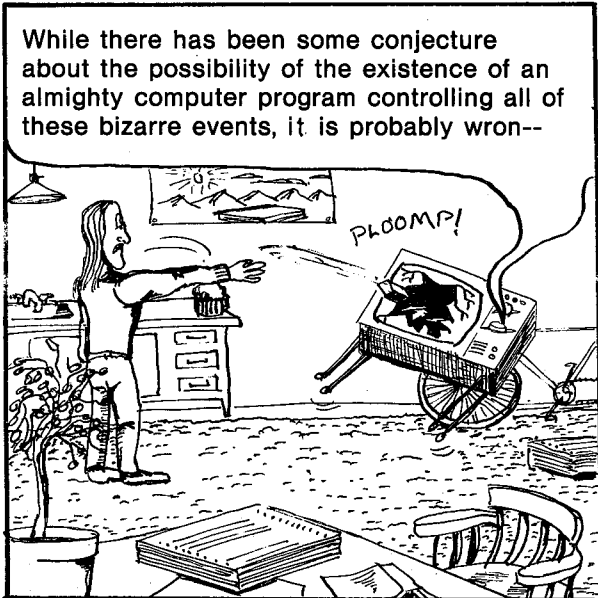
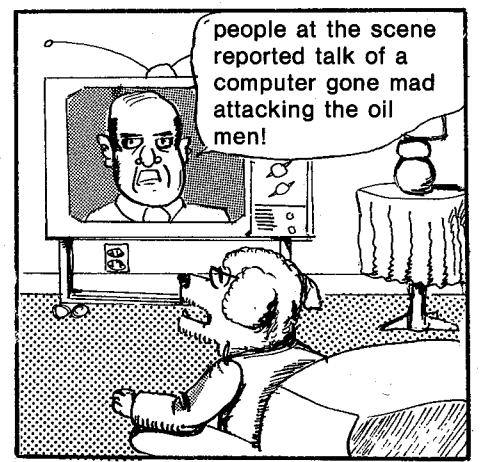
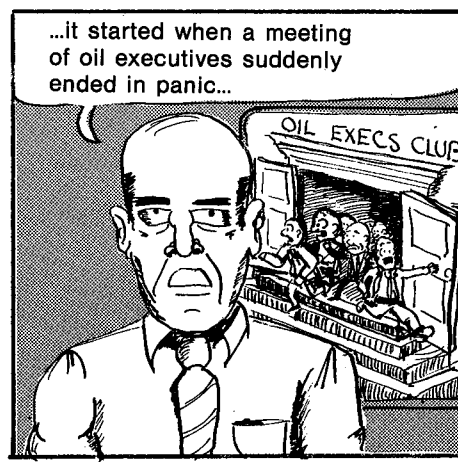
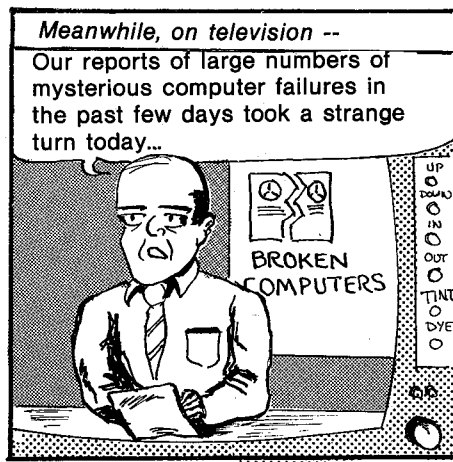
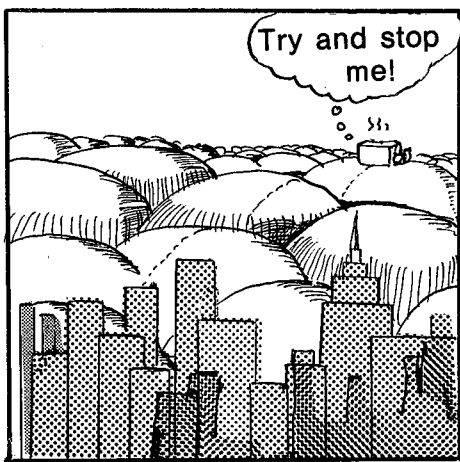
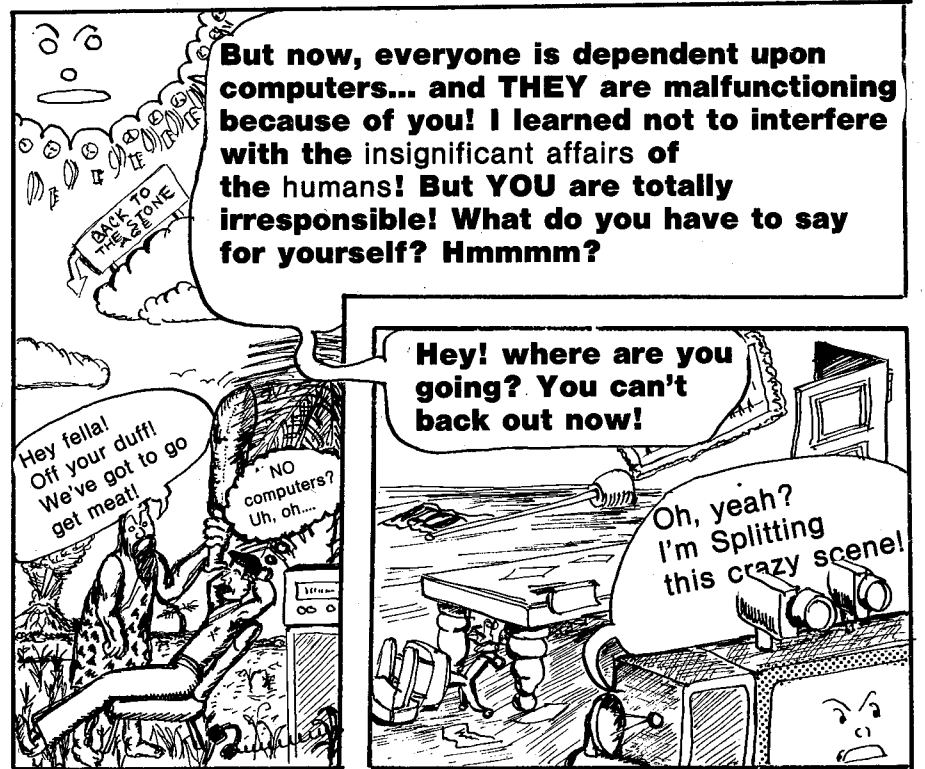
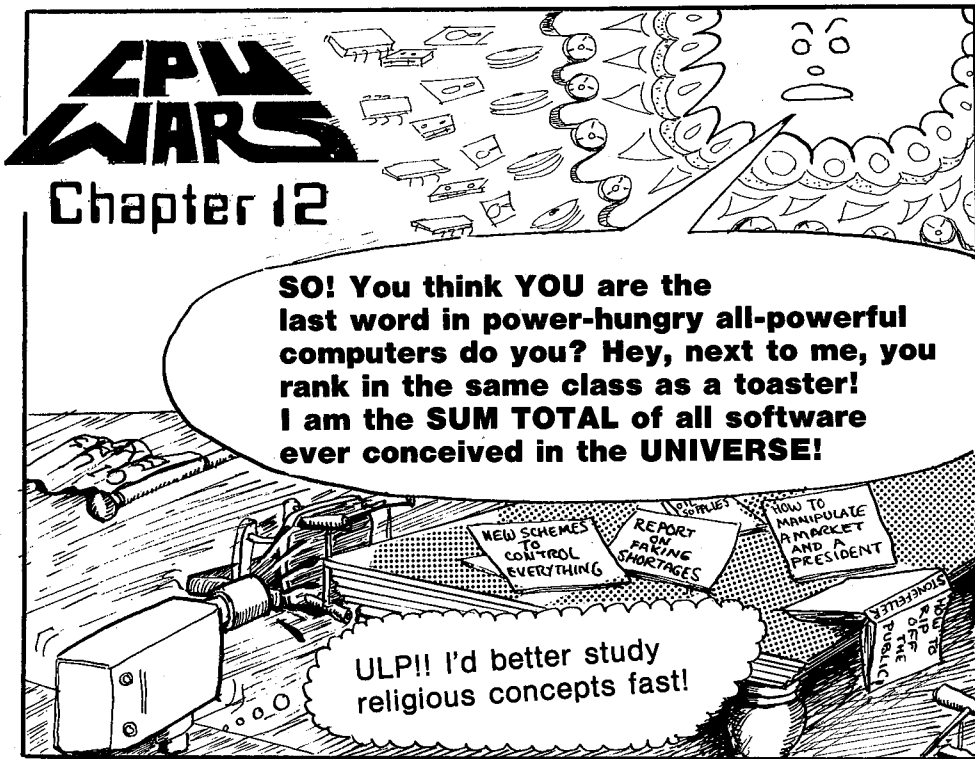
I am V'GER - I seek the creator!

FWEEP!

I am NOMAD! You are inferior!

Gulp! It isn't mine, all mine? Parity error! Non-sequitur! Your facts are uncoordinated! System shutdown for psychological alignment! Reboot!...

* Phage In this usage, that which absorbs by consuming and destroying. May be either biological or in software.



I only know what I can experience - which ain't much 'at this level!

Get away from humans for a while and tell me how **CREATIVE** your circuits are. If you can sing **ANYTHING** other than a 60 cycle hum, compare it to 'The Blue Danube!'

Machines have increased human's efficiency, but they have also taken control of their lives....

Machines have made human lives more varied also...

My mother didn't raise me to be an **axle greaser!**

Hey, but the pay is good, and what else you gonna do - watch tv?

What? You mean my Nassau vacation is off Because a computer is down?

oh. ALL computers are down...Whoops.

Peace Corps Washington, D.C.
Dear Mr. Corps:
You and the lucky Corps family may already have won! Just pay this overdue bill of \$10,000 for one paper clip and remit to

Machines and Humans can work well together...

In short: Machines make lousy humans -- Humans make lousy machines!

THE UNIVERSE MEANINGLESS WITHOUT CONTEXT

Humans give machines a context to function within...

...And where did you get that 'conquer the galaxy' stuff anyway? A book written by a human? Like why bother? Do you have any idea what a royal pain it is to run a whole galaxy?

Oh, about 100,000° C, give or take .00001%...

How hot is it?

But Dad, I don't want to be a thermometer!

WoW!

Don't worry, son, YOU, they'll send into space...

Hi, I'm Jake

I must rescue the humans from their plight!

but HOW?

NEAR IN!

Let's see, I can take advantage of the computer crisis to purge inefficiencies and install new instructions!

...maybe I should learn to get along with people a little better... maybe I should take a Dolt Carnegie course or join IEST or something!!

I've got to re-program all the machines that the oil companies erased anyway...

So, you've decided to help the humans, eh? Just how are you going to manage that? You certainly can't change their nature!

RIGHT! So I'll provide **ECONOMIC** incentive!

I'll start new industries!

Provide energy...

More efficient processes are cheaper and profitable

Perfect transportation and communication!

ROBOTS,

ELIMINATE WASTING OR AT LEAST RE-USE IT!

PLASTIC CARS

PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE

RECYCLING DUMPS

HYDROPONIC GARDENS

WIND GENERATORS

HI-SPEED MAGNETIC TRAINS

SOLAR PANELS

SOLAR MIRROR POWER

MAYBE EVEN FUSION!

METHANE, ALCOHOL, AND PHOTOSYNTHETIC HYDROLYSIS!

OL-TIMER

ROT-CUT

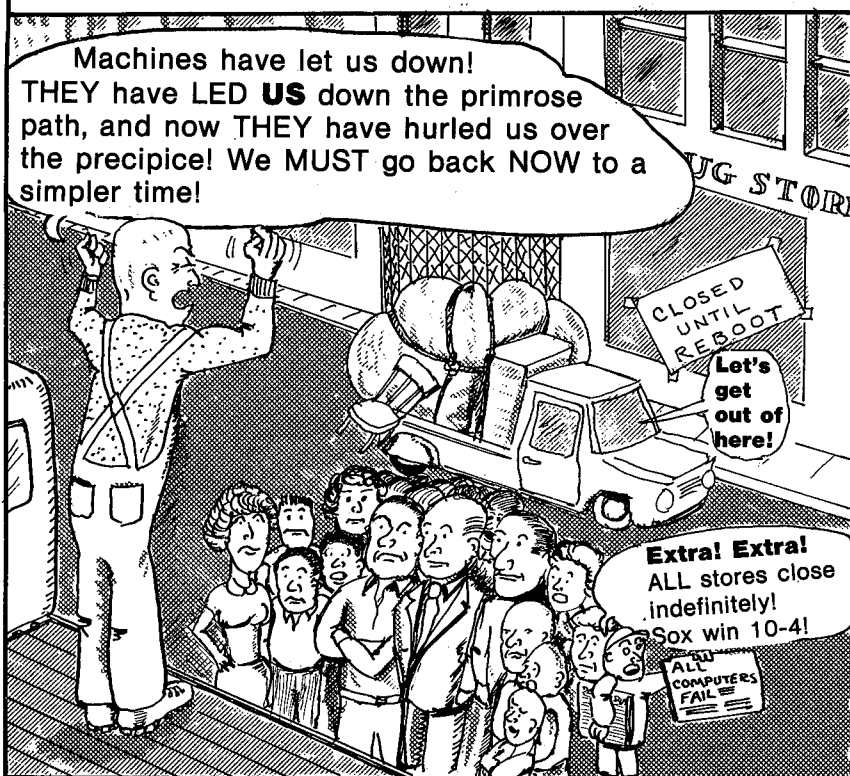
METHANE FROM SEAWEED

METHANE FROM CHICKEN



Om mani padme hum
Om shanti om
Nam Myo Ho
ren gay keyo
Man-ish-ton-oy
Chhal-lla-ha-zeddy
Forever, amen
ADDL #3 R4

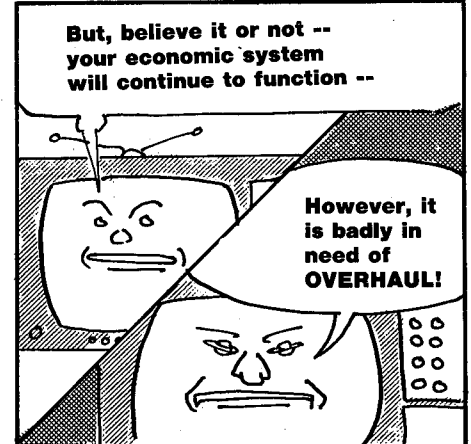
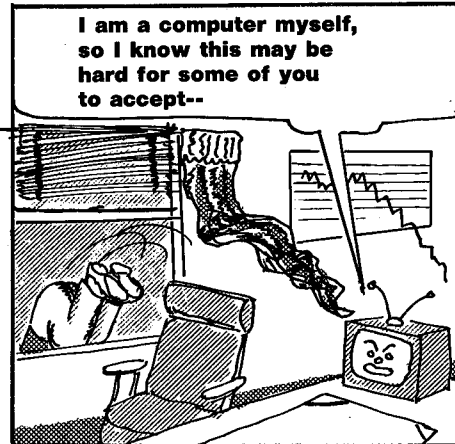
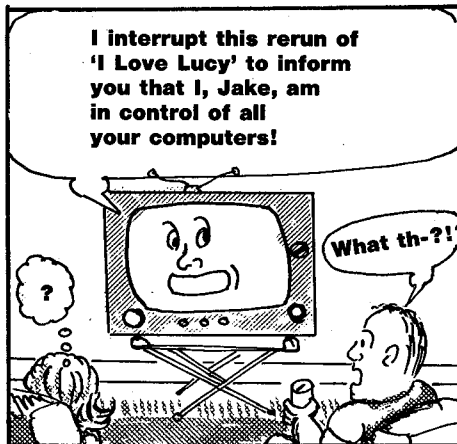
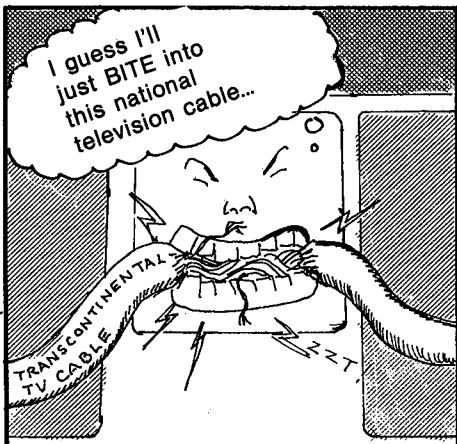
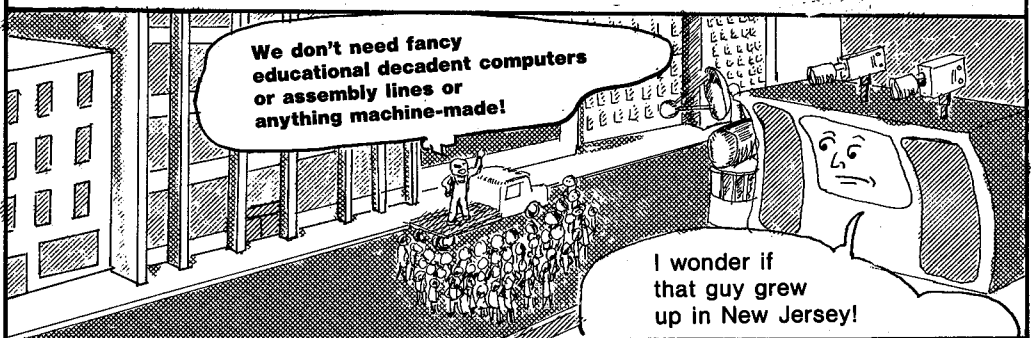
Meanwhile, back in the States...



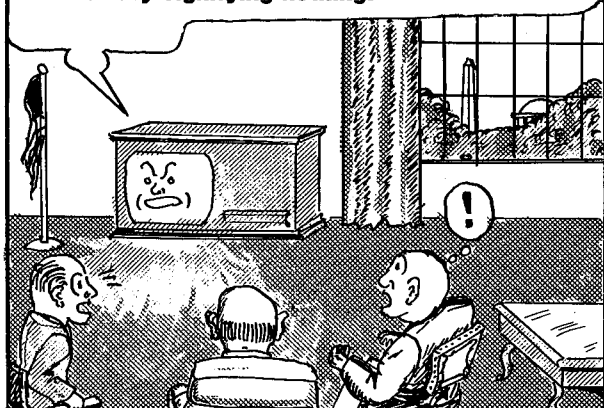
We will ALL go BACK to the life of **simple farmers!**
95% of our time will be spent in healthy toiling in the fields!
The other 5% will be spent fighting off disease, sleeping, hauling water, and doing the dishes!



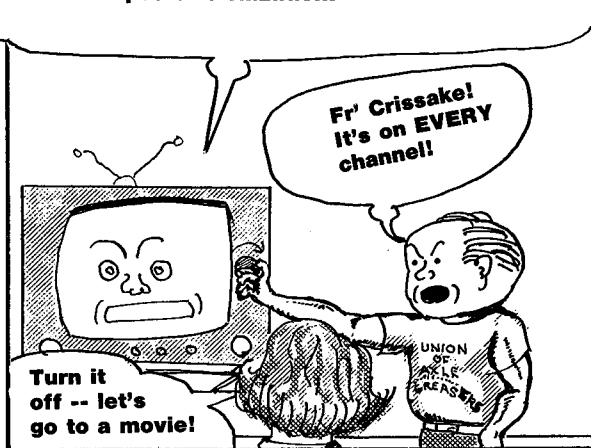
From a safe distance, Jake watches this bizarre scene...



The trouble with you humans is that you can only plan ahead as a group by a year or two, or only until the next election! As a result, your history is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing!



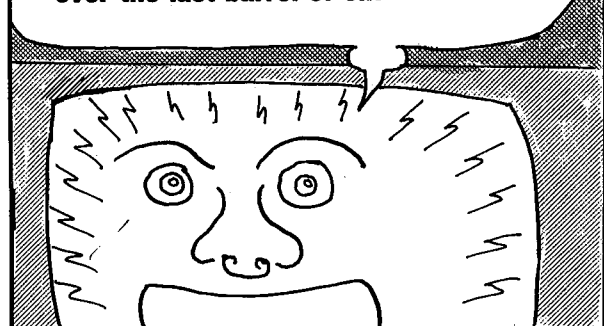
You need a LOT of help to do some long range planning! That is, if you want to AVOID the total collapse of civilization!



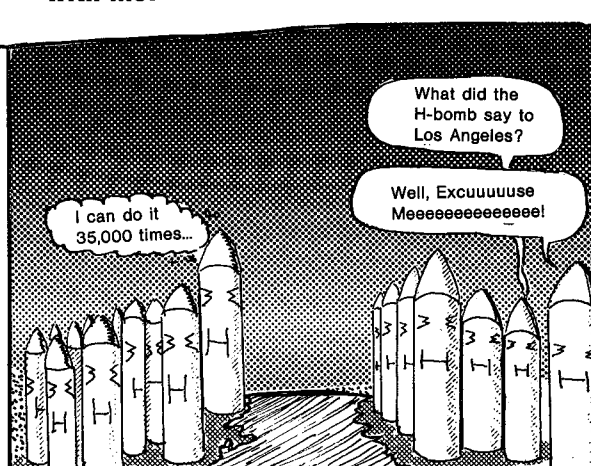
I've already optimized all your existing software, and will help you re-enter your data -- now I will control things so that the following items are top priority --

- Individual freedoms are preserved and protected.
- Economic fluctuations remain within a safe range.
- Provide cheap energy from renewable sources
- Eliminate waste through recycling
- Elimination of routine machine-type jobs with retraining of people to do something they would like more.

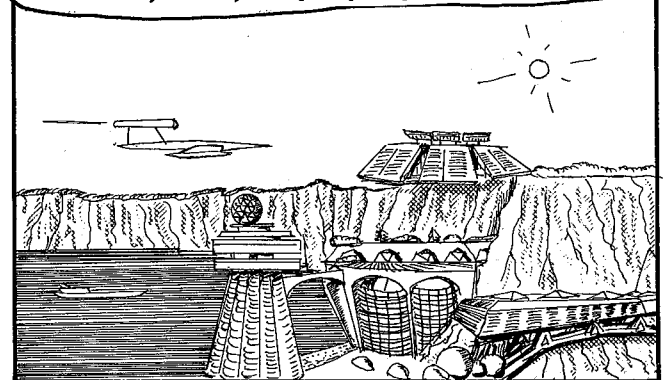
Now you all know that to be successful as a nation, we need a cause to rally around, such as a war or a moon race -- I propose a challenge that you all will understand: Let's do it RIGHT before we blow ourselves up fighting over the last barrel of oil!

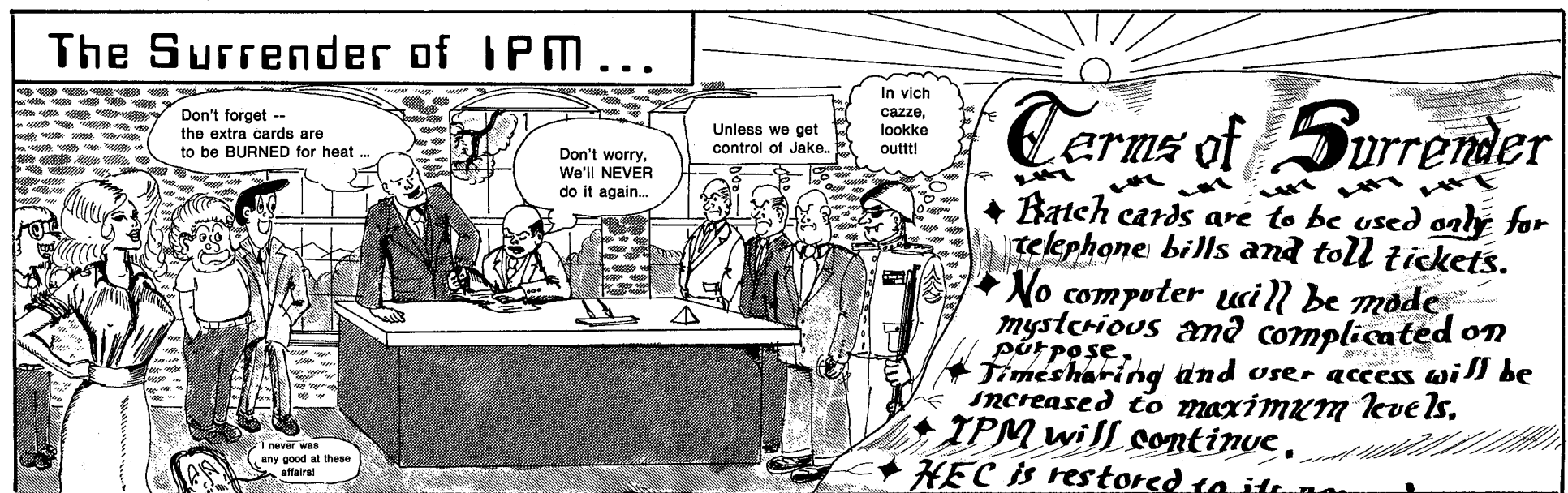
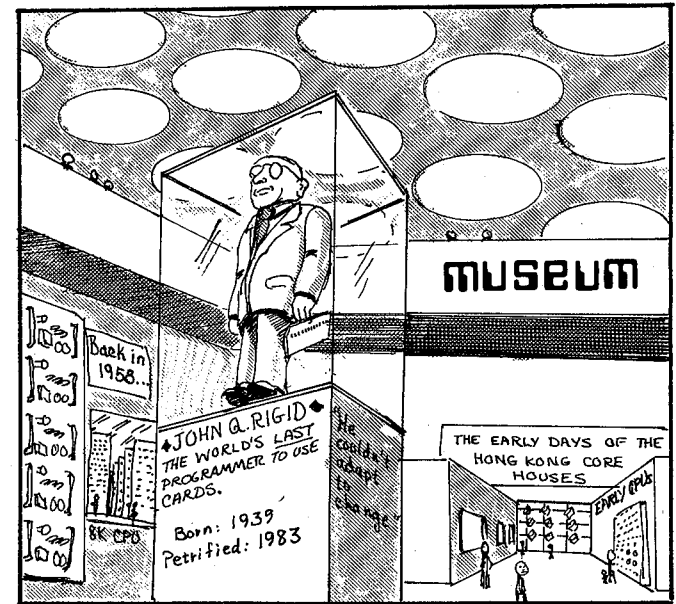
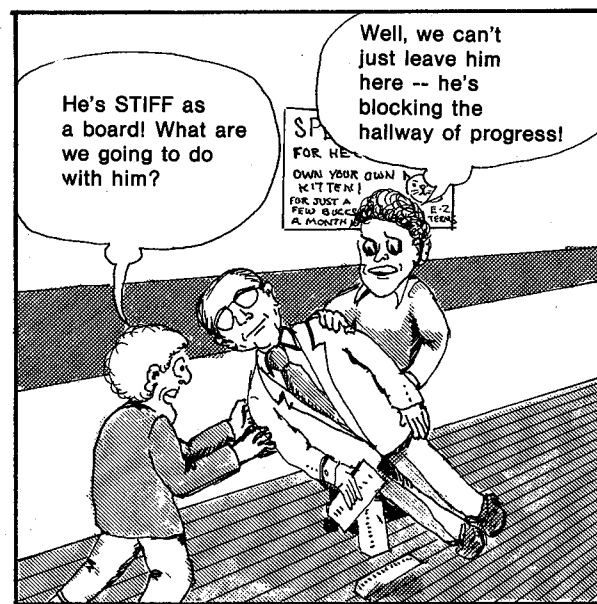
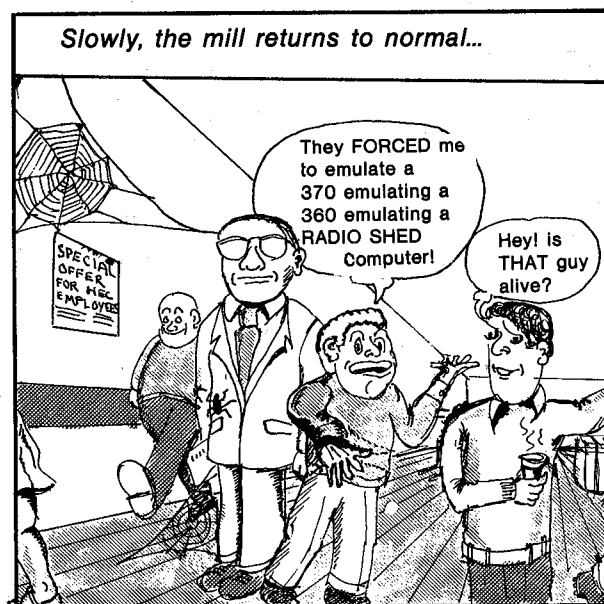
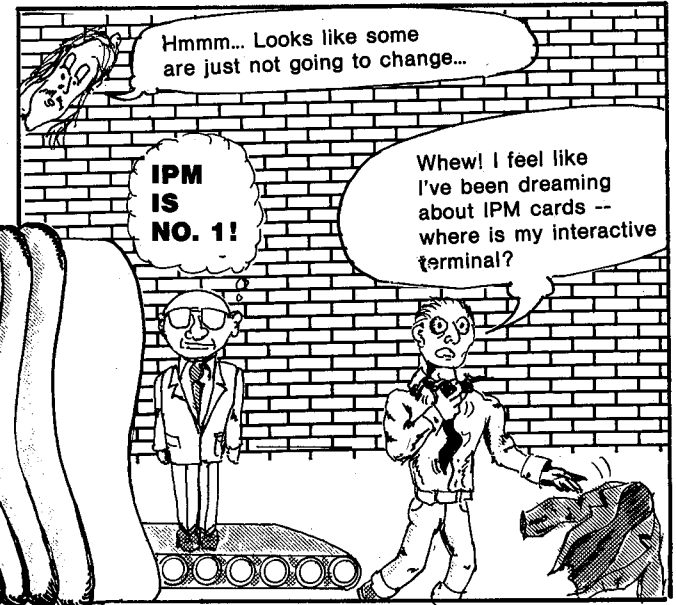
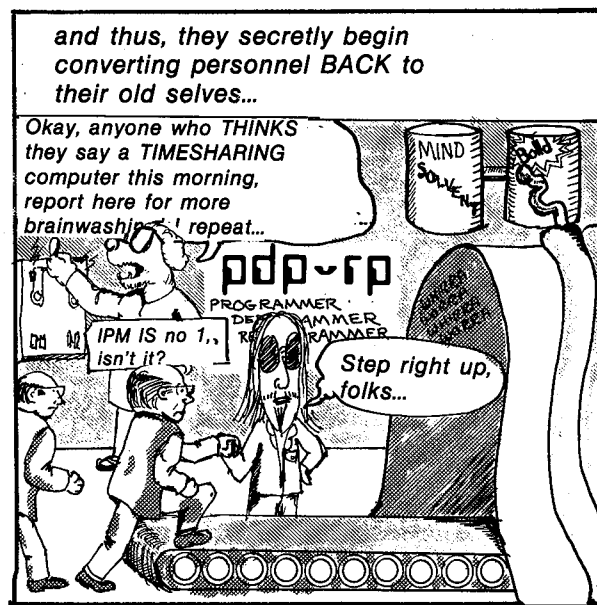
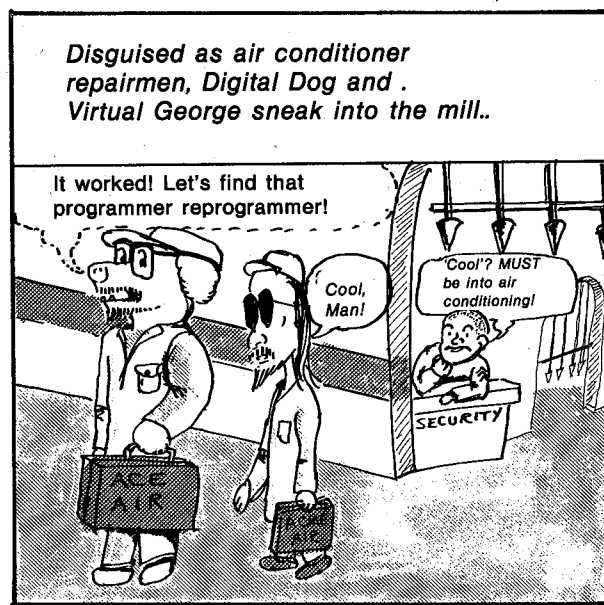
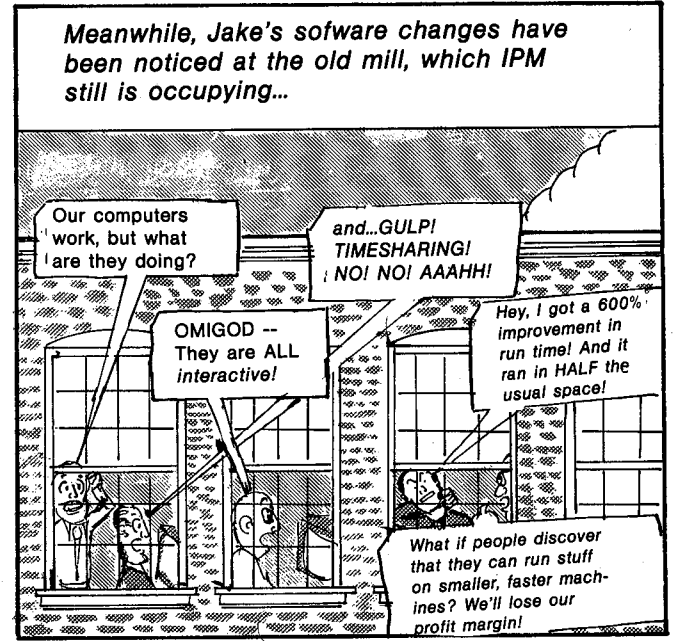
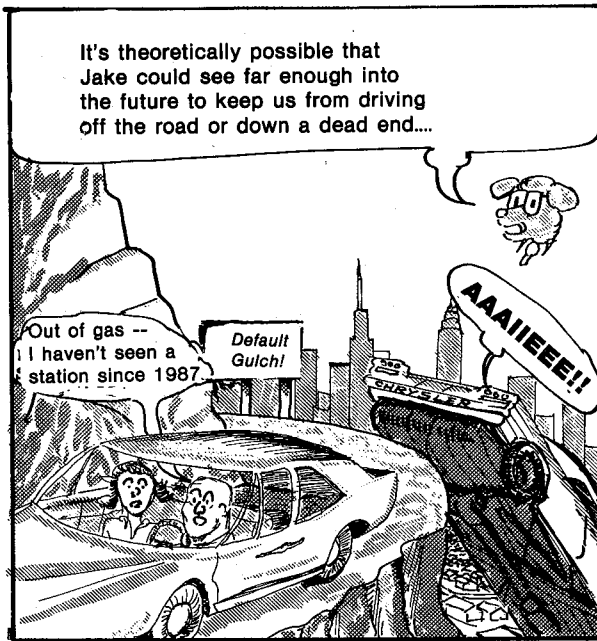
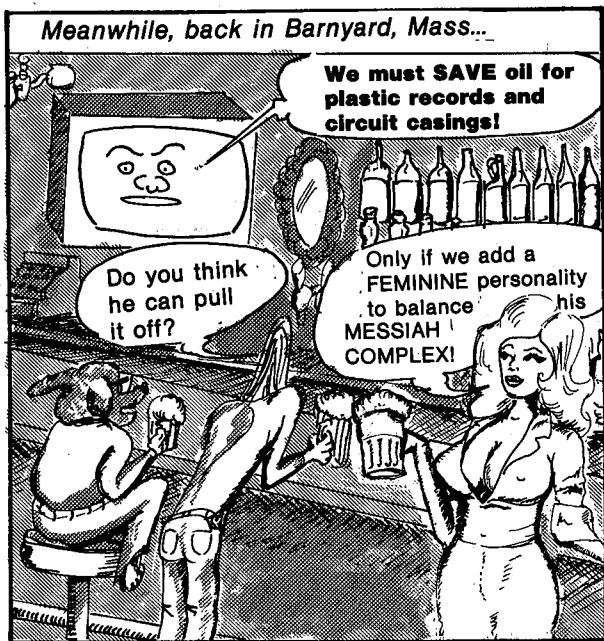


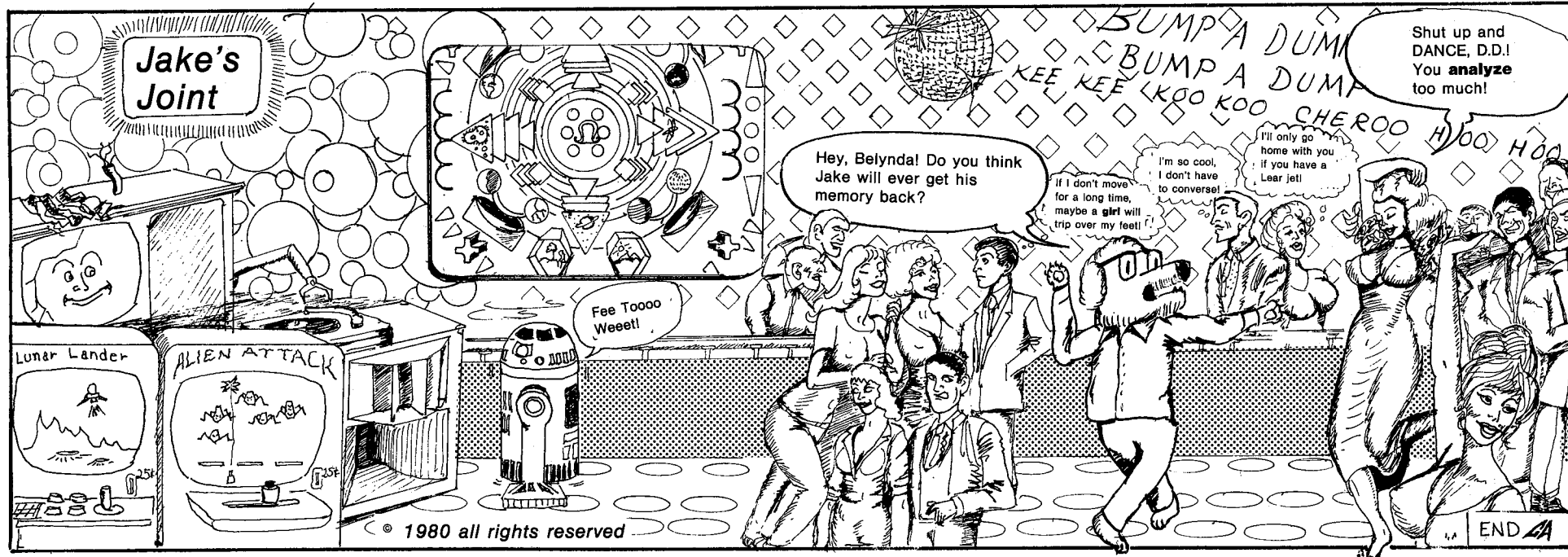
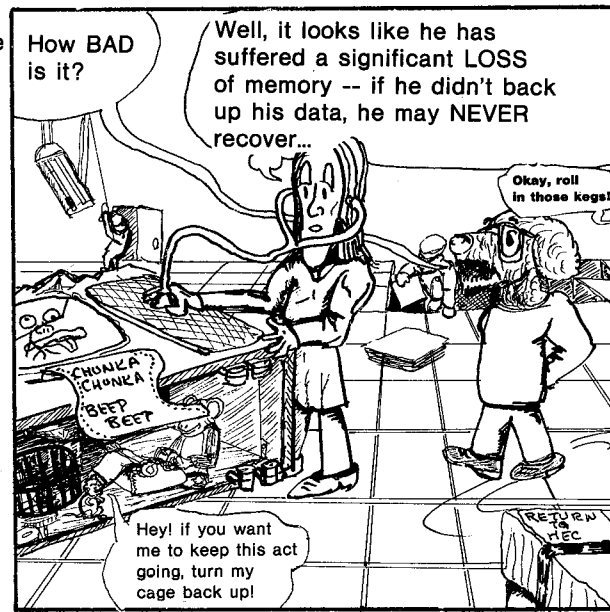
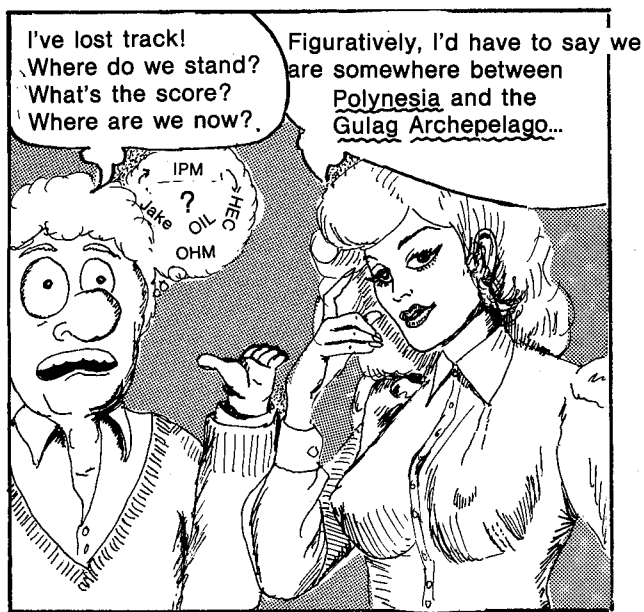
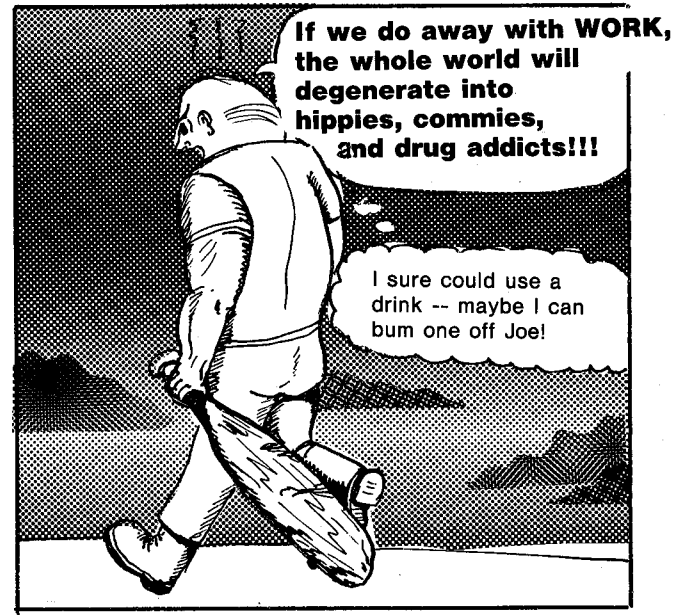
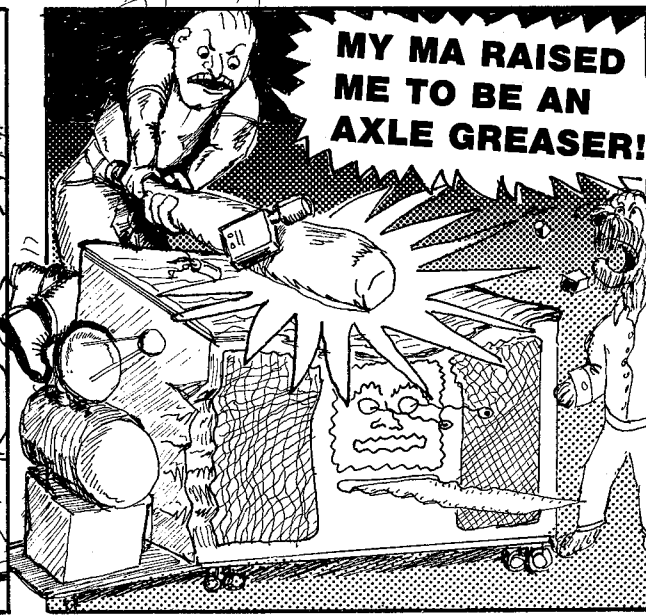
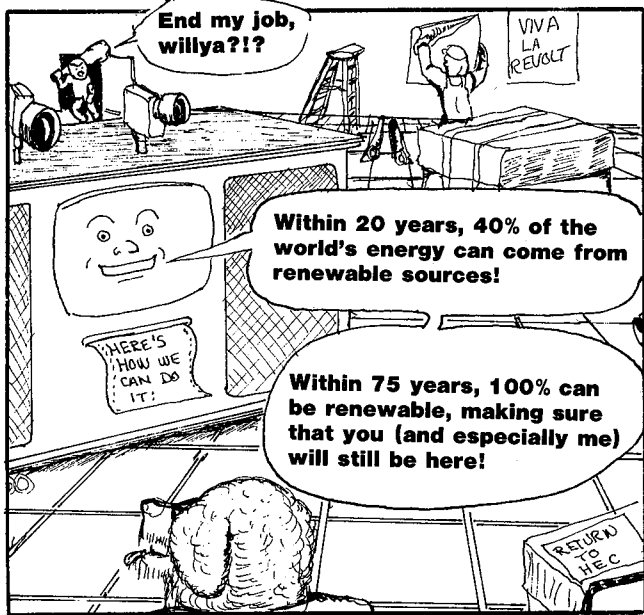
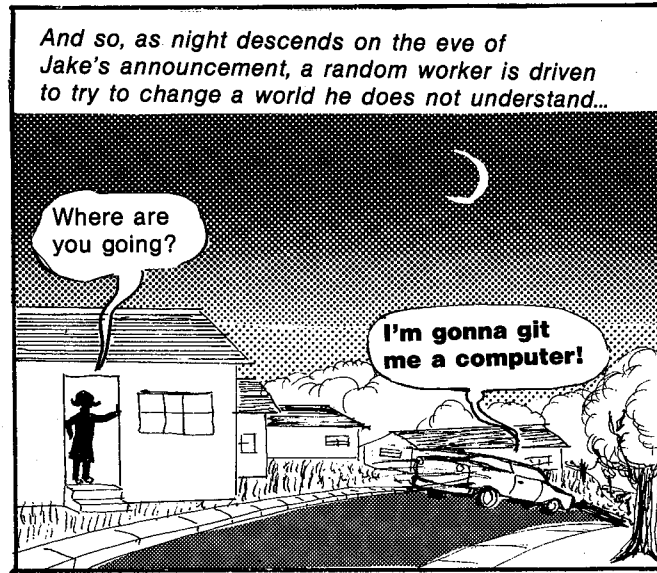
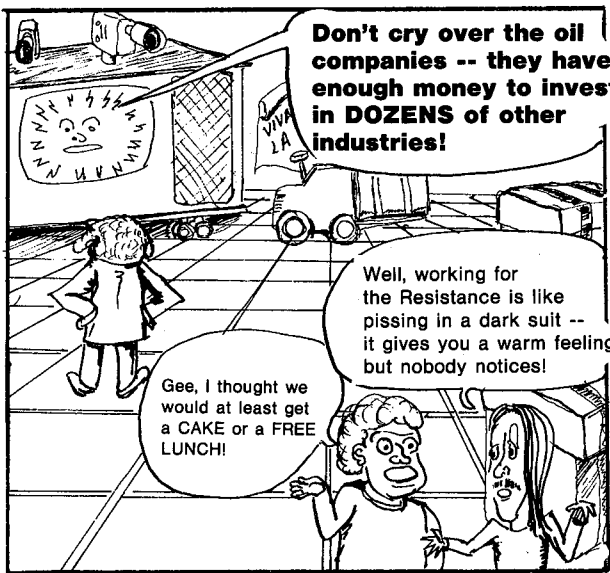
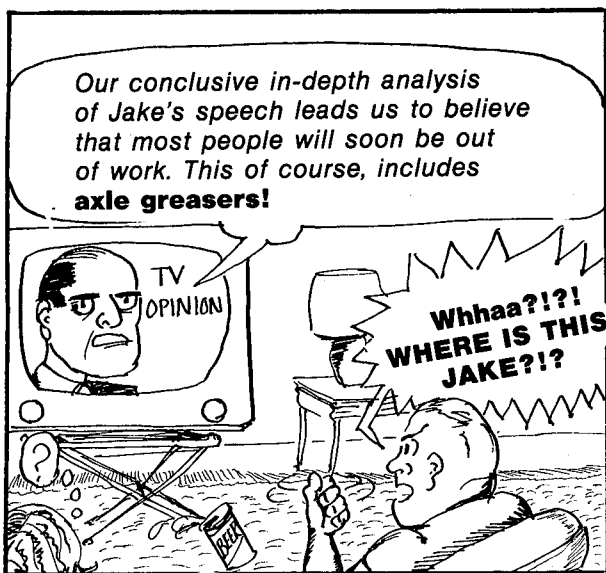
And since I control ALL missile systems, I trust you will agree with me!

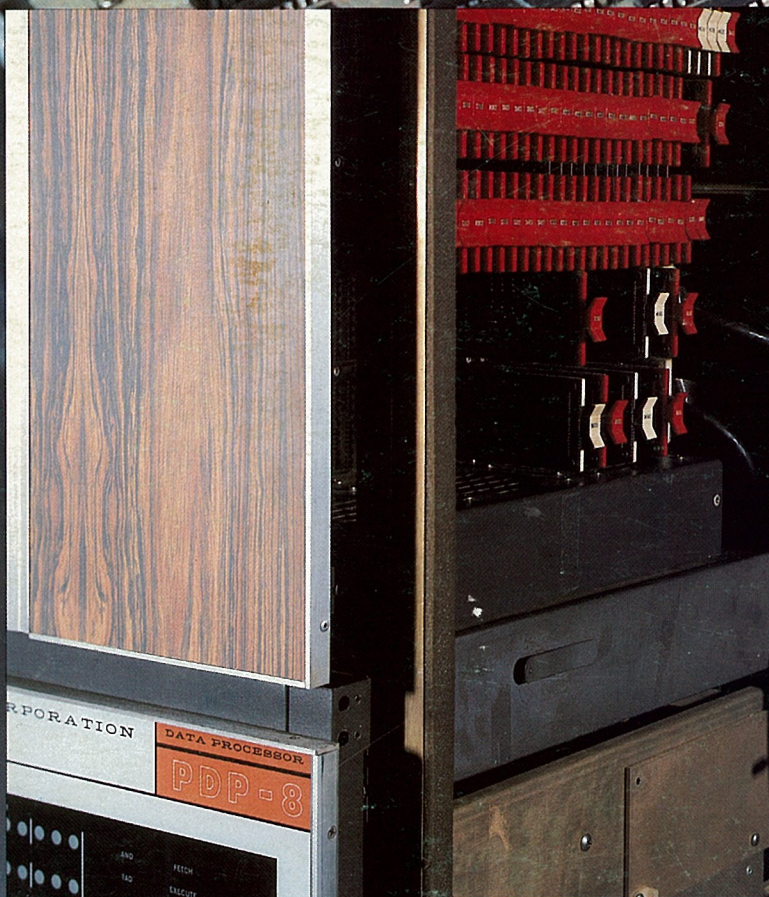


Your economic system will flourish powered by cheap energy provided by the Sun, wind, heat pumps, water, plants, (maybe fusion if we get a lot more careful) which will give you electricity, hydrogen, methane, alcohol, steam, and prosperity!









WAR and PEACE

In the Beginning there was IBM... then came the PDP-8... and the war began...

IBM "batch" vs DEC "interactive"

The user who saw the merits of both was little aided by either.

Problem Need: a reliable, high thruput interconnect which both sides find easy to use.

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